

# THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 28 Feb. 1962

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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

28 FEBRUARY, 1962

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Long before Spring has decided to happen—  
sometimes the English wonder if it ever will  
—Frenchmen are busy deciding the  
fashion line that usually dictates what the  
rest of the world's women will wear in  
the months to come. For an up-to-the-  
moment parade of trends in view as  
proposed by the Paris couturiers this year  
turn to the fashion section on page 483.  
Elizabeth Dickson reports with pictures by  
Desmond Russell, who also photographed  
face-framing hat on the cover worn with a  
light spring coat, both by Nina Ricci

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Highland Ball**, Claridge's, 2 March. (Tickets from Miss Rosalind Henderson, 100 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7.)

**Vine Hunt Ball**, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 2 March. (Tickets, £3 10s., from Mrs. Peter Wigg, Ashe House, Overton, nr. Basingstoke, Hants.)

**Fashion Show**, by Lachasse, Winter Gardens, Eastbourne, 2 March, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. The Summer Dress Collection will be shown at 3 & 8 p.m. (Tickets, inc. tea & refreshments, afternoon 10s. 6d., evening 5s., from Lady Tollemache, Flat 2, Clover Cottage, South Cliff, Eastbourne, & from the Winter Gardens, Eastbourne.)

**Royal Ocean Racing Club Ball**, Hyde Park Hotel, 7 March.

**Colchester Garrison Beagles Hunt Ball**, Officers Mess, 2nd Regt., R.A., Colchester, 9 March. (Tickets, £2, from Capt. A. H. Blount, Abbey House, Colchester.)

**Royal Artillery Hunt Ball**, R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill, 9 March. (Tickets, £1 10s., from Capt. C. S. Tofield, C.B. Wing, School of Artillery, Larkhill, Wilts.)

**Cardinals Ball**, Guildhall & Corn Exchange, Cambridge, 9 March. (Tickets from Mr. R. C. G. Ross, Secretary, Cardinals, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.)

**Spring Ball**, Grosvenor House, 28 March, in aid of the National

Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. (Tickets, £2 12s. 6d., from Mrs. K. E. Clay, Appeals Organizer, 125 High Holborn, W.C.1.)

**Point-to-points**. North Norfolk Harriers, Bawdeswell; Cambridge University United Hunts Club, Cottenham; Beaufort, Didmarton; North Herefordshire, Newtown; Aldenham, Friar's Wash, nr. Harpenden, 3 March. Sparkford Vale Harriers, Kingsweston, Somerset; Oakley, Newton Bromwold, nr. Rushden, Northants; Suffolk, Moulton; Cheshire Forest, Littleton; Household Brigade Saddle Club & Cavalry Club, Crowell, Oxon; Royal Artillery, Larkhill; Cotswold Vale Farmers, Bushey Park, Tewkesbury; Hambledon, Pitt Manor, Winchester, 10 March.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing**: Windsor, today & tomorrow; Kempton Park, 2, 3; Kelso, Market Rasen, Taunton, Warwick, 3; Warwick, Doncaster, Wye, 5; Plumpton, 7; Ludlow, 7, 8; Haydock Park, Newbury, 9, 10; Newcastle, Stratford-on-Avon, 10; Southwell, Worcester, 12; Cheltenham (Gold Cup meeting), 13-15 March.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Don Giovanni* (last perf.) tonight; *Un Ballo In Maschera*, 2, 5, 7 March; *Alcina* (first perfs.), 8, 10, 14 March. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Dances Concertantes*, *Giselle*, 7.30 p.m., 1, 6, 13 March; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2.15 & 7.30 p.m., 3 March; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., 9 March; *Giselle*, 2.15 p.m., 10 March.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *The Magic Flute* (first perfs.), tonight, 2, 8, 10 March. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

## ART

**Primitives to Picasso**. Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. To 7 March.

**City of London Art Exhibition**, Guildhall. To 7 March.

**Old Master Drawings**, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St. To 3 March.

**Camden Town Group Drawings**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's



Sandra Lousada

The varied fortunes of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, have taken a promising turn with the setting up of a new company, Ikon, whose aim is to make it a community theatre. Three of the directors, James Brabazon, John Crockett and the Rev. T. W. Beaumont, are seen here. Their first production, Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, in a U.S. version, opens on 5 March

Square. To 10 March. (See Galleries, page 496.)

## EXHIBITIONS

**International Art Treasures Exhibition**, Victoria & Albert Museum, 2 March—29 April.

**Sonja Henje—Nils Onsted Collection** of modern paintings, Tate Gallery. 2 March—8 April. (See pages 474-5.)

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Saville Theatre**. *An Evening With Yves Montand*, tonight.

**Piccadilly Theatre**. *Jean De La Lune*, 5 March.

**Theatre Royal**, Stratford, E. *The Secret Of The World*, 5 March.

**Lyric**, Hammersmith. *The Idiot*, 5 March.

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# Hats into Spring...

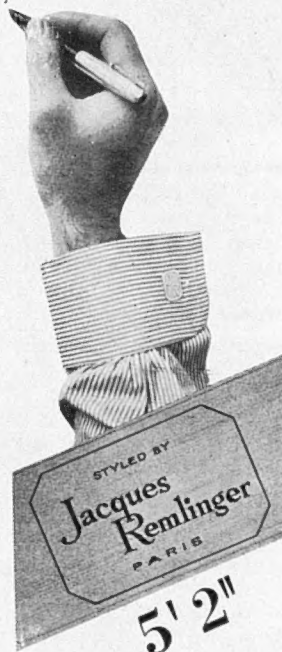
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Ian Crawford

## *Bright baby elephant*

TABLE SERVICE IN LONDON'S NIGHT SPOTS IS A MATTER WHICH FREQUENTLY leaves much to be desired. Although it may be understandable that waiters, who have to move about in semi-darkness and are competing for your attention with undulating cuties wearing little more than the brightest of smiles, should be terse and forgetful, it is still irritating. One of the things you pay for in a night club—and substantially—is service. The essential ingredient of anything so extrovert as a night out is luxury, and a major item in luxury is swift, unobtrusive and smiling attention. The ultimate flattery is the air of personal interest taken in you by the management and this is a lesson that many of London's *soi-disant* gay spots badly need to learn.

Waiting half an hour before a waiter approaches is infuriating, and spending the same period crumbling bread rolls between courses just because the waiter knows you are not going to leave before the cabaret puts a strain on the quality of the middle-of-the-floor entertainment which most cabaret acts are not equipped to bear. This kind of treatment at a private dinner would be considered a major breach of hospitality yet it happens every night in London in places with glittering names and West End reputations. When you pay for your dinner you should get better not worse service than in a private house.

There are very few night spots in London of which this could be said with any truth. One of them is the **Little Elephant** in Albemarle Street. This is a charming small club which used to be called the 500 until it was taken over by the management of the larger pachyderm, the White Elephant in Curzon Street. Now it is run by Victor Brusa in association with film star Richard Attenborough, with Luigi Buosi as manager. It has everything to commend it to anyone who is looking for a quiet night out. The décor is paladinesque with pale gold hangings, giving the effect of eating and dancing inside some sumptuous Eastern tent. Music is provided by the genial Yorke de Souza at the white piano and there is a small square of floor for dancing. It is not really a spot for enthusiastic Twisters or athletic hoofers of any kind, but for a more subdued after-dark excursion it is ideal.

Exceptionally, the food is superb—not merely night-club good but fully up to the standard of the best West End restaurants. Like its larger brother, the White Elephant, it has a lengthy and distinguished wine list, and a good bar presided over by Frank, a refugee from the Twist-superseded Maison de France in Park Lane. Under Signor Buosi's expert eye the service is impeccable—quick, attentive, knowledgeable and friendly. Membership is £3 3s. a year. I can think of no better place to take a new girl friend (or an old one) who is not devoted to dance-floor gymnastics. Replete with good food and wine and flattered by discreet attention, she can actually *hear* you being witty against Mr. de Souza's gentle musical background.

## **Cabaret calendar**

**Hungaria** (WHI 4222) *Lionel Blair & his dancers "from Charleston to Twist"*

**Colony** (MAY 1657) *Shani Wallis*  
**Bal Tabarin** (GRO 4203) *Buddy Greco, American singer*

**Room at the Top** (ILF 5588) *Jack Durant, American comedian for a two week season*

**Savoy** (TEM 4343) *Tommy Trinder plus the Savoy Dancers*

**Society** (REG 0565) *Maggy Sarragne, singer from Paris*

**Winston's Club** (REG 5411) *A new show Any Night at Winston's with Ann Hart and Ronnie Corbett. Twice nightly*

*Eartha Kitt is at The Talk of the Town. Plus new floor show Fantastico*



Douglas Jeffery





John Baker White

## Old friends, new ventures

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table.

**Braganza**, 56 Frith Street, Soho. (GER 5412.) C.S. Any day now another floor will open in this admirable member of the Wheeler group, and Bernard Walsh is to give the new departure his personal attention. Solid polished tables, good comfortable chairs, and perhaps a club table for solitary diners are his plan, allied to steaks cut from the bone on the spot, trout straight from the tank, and live lobsters. Looking at the Braganza wine list, how many other places are there where one can drink a Lynch Bages Pauillac 1934 for 32s. 6d. or a Calon Ségur St. Estèphe 1934 for 42s. 6d.? W.B.

**Balalaika**, 10 Kenway Road, Earl's Court. A short step from the station. Open seven days a week for luncheon and dinner. Fully licensed. As its name makes clear this new restaurant is Russian, and belongs to Niki, of the internationally famous Chez Luba in Draycott Avenue. In price, cooking, comfort and atmosphere it will conform to the Chez Luba pattern. There will be music at night, and, no doubt, singing as well.

**Tattersall**, Knightsbridge Green. This modern public house, built on the site of the famous horse sale-ring and containing some relics of it, has a small but excellent restaurant downstairs. It is a useful place to know about if you are shopping in Knightsbridge and want an honest, decently-cooked British meal. It is by no means exclusively male. While not particularly cheap by public house standards, it gives good value for money.

### Gazpacho in Angmering

**La Favorita**, The Parade, Angmering-on-Sea. (Tel.: Rustington 2496.) Open daily except on Mondays, and Sunday evenings in the winter months. It is a long time since I enjoyed a meal so much from every point of view. First the food, starting with *Gazpacho*, the cold soup of Spain, just as it should be. Then *Pollo Pepitoria*, chicken in a cream sauce of wine, saffron and crushed almonds. Finally, unable to cope with *Favorita Alambé* which looked lovely, a *sorbet* and excellent coffee. Before the meal we had a sherry bottled in Spain, with it an admirable dry Spanish wine, Marquis de Murrieta. Spanish bottled sherries and fine Spanish brandies, like Carlos I, are a speciality. The de Valera brothers, Carlos and Fernando, who own La Favorita, are charming hosts; the atmosphere and décor are genuinely Spanish. And the cost? You can do extremely well for 25s. Although only 15 minutes from Worthing, La Favorita is worth a much longer journey than that. W.B. weekends.

### Herbs for all tables

**Country Style**, Ship Street, Brighton. Not a restaurant, but a shop of renown among good cooks for herbs and other culinary specialities. Whether your cooking bent is Chinese, Indian, Continental or British, Mr. and Mrs. Davey will have what you want to do the job properly. And their shop itself is a delight to the eye.

### Change of name

Col. Geoffrey Russell-Hay tells me that Hatchetts Restaurant in Piccadilly, now one of the Overton group, is to be known as Overtons. This seems sensible when the name and high repute of the other establishments in St. James's and at Victoria are so well established.

### Canard à la presse

To the list of restaurants that I gave recently prepared to serve this dish there should be added the Savoy Restaurant. One experienced diner-out of my acquaintance gives it high praise.

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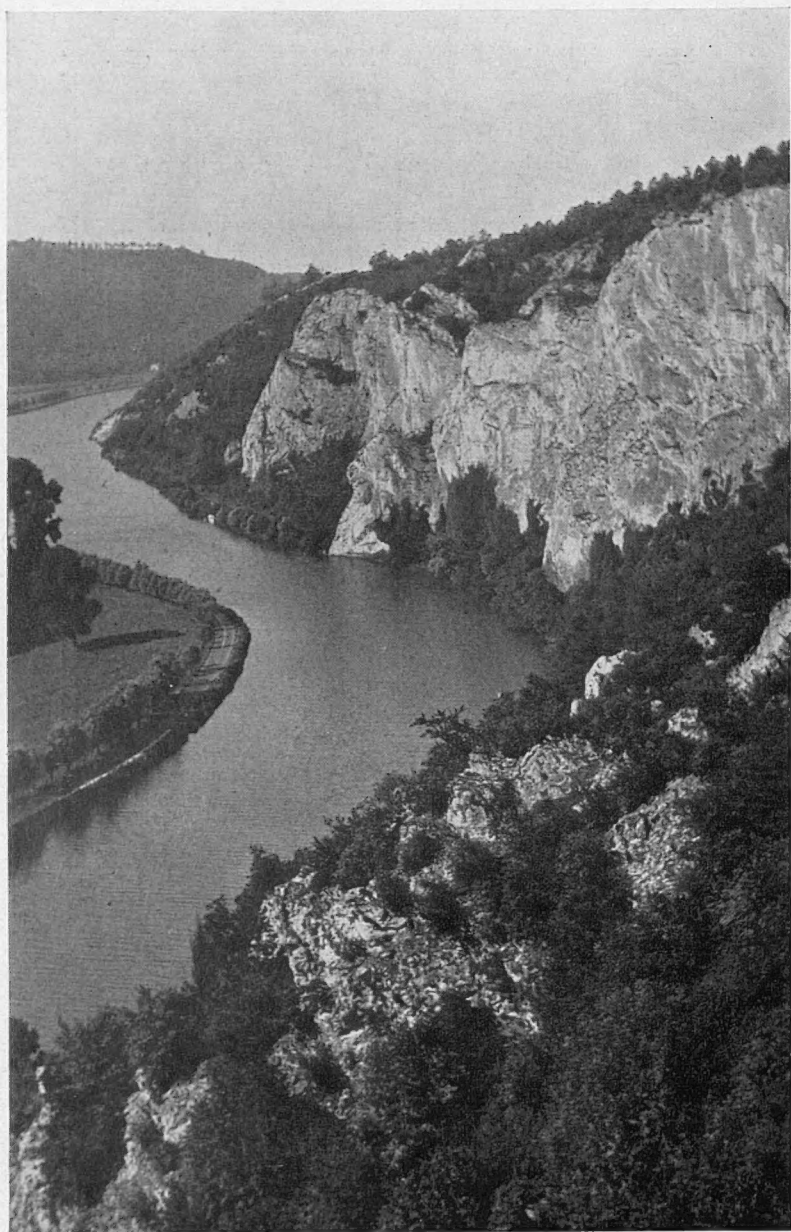
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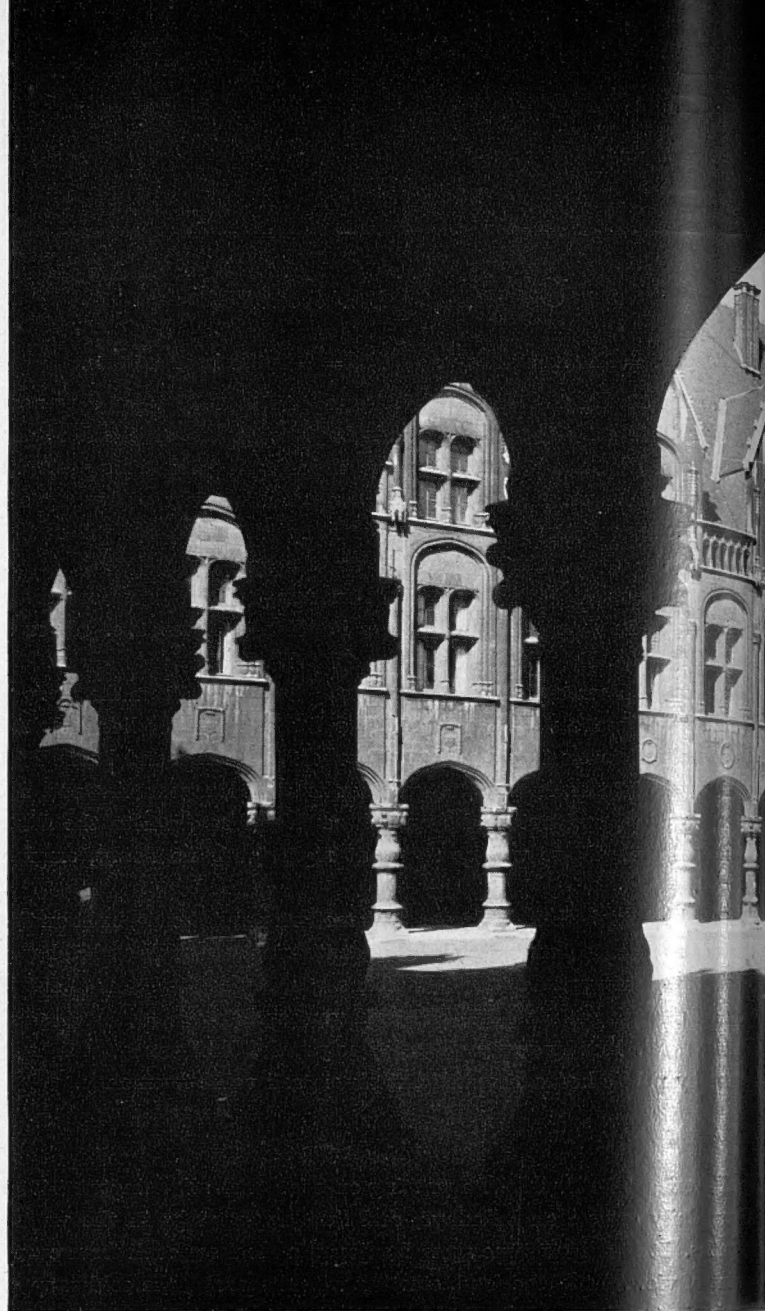
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THE ARDENNES: Rivers, valleys and pine-clad hills occasionally have a touch of the Cotswolds. Above right: Liège. Far right: Near Durbuy



*Doone Beal*

### *Ardennes expedition*

TO ANYBODY WHOSE MENTAL IMAGE OF BELGIUM IS ONE OF FLEMISH flatness, the south-east corner of the country that includes the Ardennes comes as a big surprise. In fact, the dichotomy between the Flemish and the Walloon population of Belgium is enormous: it seems hardly possible that in so small a country two such disparate peoples can be part of one nationality. The Walloon, who belong to this eastern half, speak French, as opposed to Flemish. And from the lowland landscape, the great wooded valleys and high, pine-clad peaks of the Ardennes—rather reminiscent of the Black Forest—could hardly be more different. Three rivers: the Meuse and its tributaries, the Ourthe and the Amblève, radiate in a spider's web from Liège, chief city of the Ardennes. Each of the river valleys offers in its different way some magnificent and, at the least, charming country through which to motor, spiced by excellent restaurants and little inns that, if not luxurious, are for the most part cosy, hospitable and atmospheric. One that I specially liked was the Val d'Or at Ocquier: a delightful old coaching inn set in a stony little village that reminded me of some hidden hamlets off the tracks in the





Cotswolds. A big difference between theirs and ours, though, is the food: specialities of the Val d'Or include *truite Ardennaise* (done with cream and champagne sauce); local *écrevisse* in summer; and *marcassin* (baby wild boar) from November through the winter. Hunting is the *raison d'être* of the whole region, and I doubt whether one could get better game anywhere in Europe.

Not far from Ocuier is the strange little town of Durbuy, looking like the set of some rather bucolic operetta (a characteristic of this region of châteaux, some of them 15th century, but many more belonging to the grandiose, neo-Gothic period). The handful of houses in Durbuy is quite dwarfed by the huge ducal palace, which possibly accounts for its nickname of the "biggest little town in Belgium," for its inhabitants number less than 400. A main road from Durbuy leads directly to Luxembourg, but I turned instead northwards again to Comblain-la-Tour, in the Ourthe Valley, making a gastronomic pilgrimage to the Hotel St. Roch. We lunched off a *pâté de grive*, a speciality of the patron that I shall long remember, and some superb baby venison. There are just four bedrooms with private bath at the St. Roch, but the charm of the place is an outdoor terrace over the river for summer dining.

As well as the roads that follow the river valleys, there are others that make a circle from one valley to another, and a particularly attractive stretch is that between Ourthe and Amblève, through pretty little towns like Harzé, Lorcé and La Gleize, near which Von Runstedt's tanks were halted for the last time in December, 1944. Of the three, Lorcé is the place to eat: the Hotel de la Vallée has some of the best food in this already notable region. Another spot, and a particularly attractive place to stay, is the Trois Marais Hotel just east of Malmedy. Newly converted, it was one of the few places I saw with really attractive

nicely appointed bedrooms, and it is set on a height with a most dramatic view of the pine slopes and the valley.

Turning back in a circle towards Spa, the road runs for about 15 miles along a high, desolate plateau whose beauty depends on one's taste, though it appealed to mine. Spa itself—the original, I believe—reminded me of that erstwhile Bohemian beauty, Marienbad: it has the same faded, rococo grandeur of abandoned-looking casinos, hotels and thermal establishments. Whether people's livers are in better order now than they were pre-1914 when most of these spas flourished, I do not know, but I can think of few that live up to their legend, and Spa is no exception.

On the contrary, Liège, which nobody commends for its beauty, has a certain appeal. Bordering one wing of the richest industrial part of Belgium, it has money and trade enough to support some excellent restaurants and has an agreeably lively, wideawake air. Never, I think, have I seen quite so many *charcuteries*, even in France. The thing to buy is the delicious Ardennes ham, which is smoked over gorse twigs, or one of the myriad varieties of sausage. Among several good restaurants, the *pièce de résistance* is the Clou Doré, set in a 16th-century mansion above the city. Not only is its food beyond all praise (*roble de lièvre au Chambertin* is something to ask for) but the house is nearly a museum full of antiques from all over Europe assembled with great imagination, and there are a few extremely comfortable bedrooms. Liège, though counted as an art city, has nothing to compare with the treasures of Bruges, Antwerp or Ghent. Just the same, it is not uninteresting in its own right and is a convenient base for touring this pleasantly civilised, frequently beautiful, yet not particularly well-known corner of Europe.





#### GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Rudolf Nureyev rehearses with Margot Fonteyn for the performances of *Giselle* in which they are dancing at the Royal Opera House. This is the first time that the Russian dancer has appeared at Covent Garden, though he has been seen on television and made his debut in this country at a charity performance last year, also partnering Fonteyn. Picture by Michael Peto



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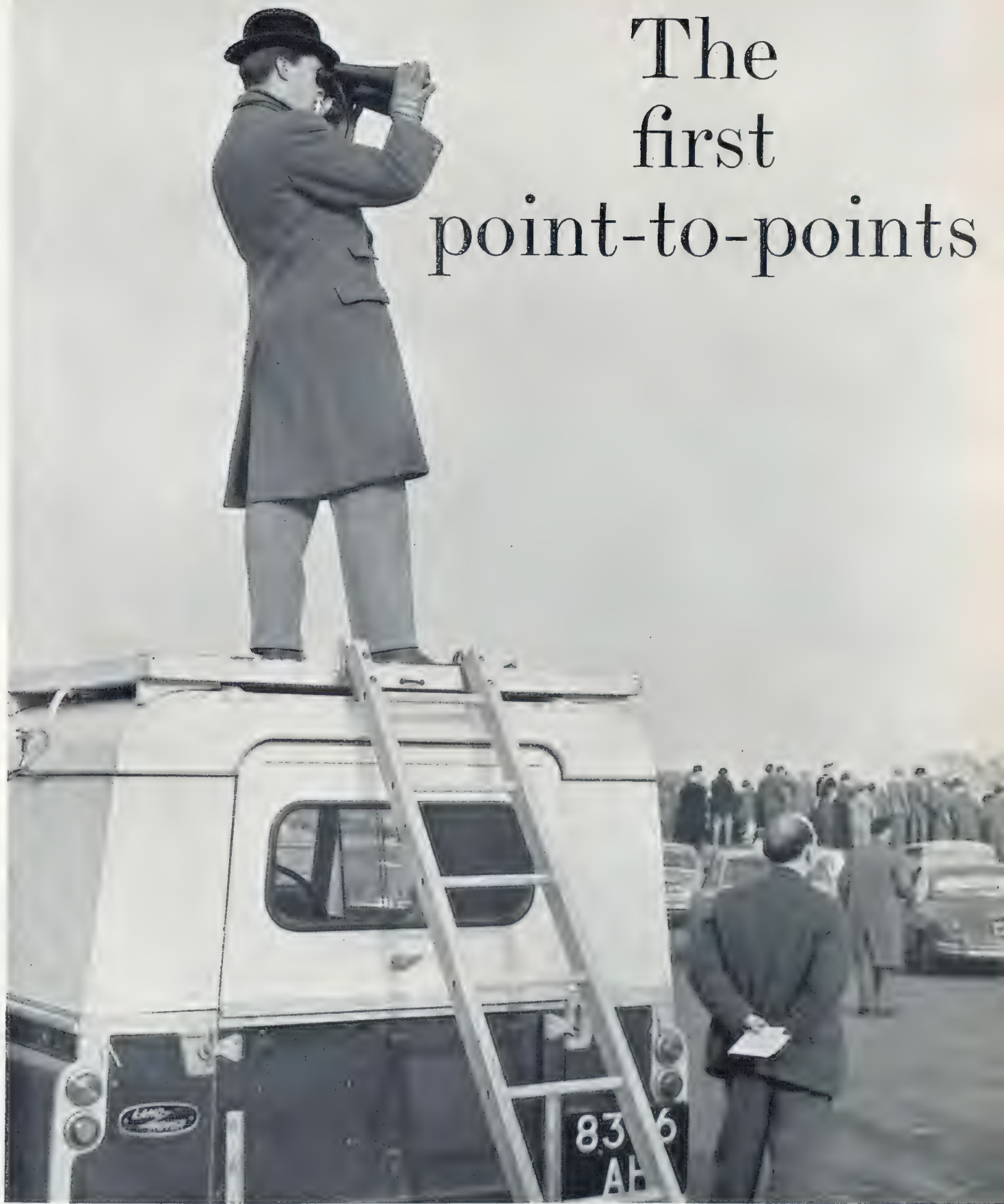
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THE TATLER  
28 FEBRUARY  
1962  
465

# The first point-to-points



Van Hallan

The 1962 point-to-point season got away to a good start with meetings whose entry and attendance figures indicated a continued boom in what has become over the last ten years one of the fastest-growing field sports. At Lexham, with a vantage point on a van top, Mr. Raleigh Gilbert gave a running commentary on the point-to-point of the West Norfolk where, due to the large entry, the Open Race was run in two sections. See overleaf for more pictures from Lexham and from Crowell where the O.U. Bullingdon Club held their own meeting



# The first point-to-points

*continued*

Photographs: Van Hallan



*Miss Lavinia Beasley, her mother Lady Alexandra Beasley, Mr. G. H. Bullard & Mrs. Peter Barclay*



*Battle Front, owned by the Queen Mother, ridden by Mr. G. Hartigan, was second in the Ladies' Cup race*

At Lexham (above), the West Norfolk, and at Crowell (below), the O.U. Bullin



*Miss Celia Sandys, daughter of Mr. Duncan Sandys*



*Miss Sallie Cattell of Iffley Turn, Oxford*

Photographs: Roger Hill



*Mr. B. Scott on Red Squirrel, Mr. M. E. Chamberlayne on Drake, Mr. D. H. Smyly on Tubercosh*





*Mrs. J. C. Wilson with Mangrove on which her husband won the Ladies' Cup*

*Mrs. Tim Barclay, wife of the Master of the West Norfolk, with Mr. Alex Savory*



*Mrs. J. M. Turner, wife of the Master of the Suffolk Hunt, her daughter, Miss Josephine Turner, Mr. David Cherry and Mr. G. M. Vergette*



b held the first meetings of 1962 with gratifying entry and attendance figures



*Mr. E. S. Cazalet, son of the Queen Mother's trainer, who won the Bullington Cup on Rocky Bay*



The Suffolk Red Cross held a St. Valentine's Day ball at Stowlangtoft Hall, home of Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Catchpole at Bury St. Edmunds. Guests danced in the ballroom (*right*), and dined by candlelight



## ST. VALENTINE'S NIGHT



*Mrs. Henry Fooks & Mr. Nigel Bilderbeck*



*Mr. & Mrs. Lambert Lambegh.  
Right: Mr. W. V. Gurtenn and  
Mrs. D. M. McDougall*



*Mr. & Mrs. L. Hyde Parker, Mrs. David Ward and  
Mrs. H. G. Burns*







# LA DIES' DAY AT CHATEAU D'OEX

Muriel Bowen reports on the testing British ladies' ski championships won by Wendy Farrington (see above). Tom Hustler took the pictures

SOME HOURS ON FROM ZÜRICH IN A SMALL AND chic train that puffed and rolled around the mountains I arrived at Château d'Oex for this year's British Ladies' Ski Championships. Some of the smart passengers and luggage got off a couple of stops earlier at Gstaad, though this isn't to say that Château d'Oex isn't worthwhile. I discovered it to be a simple, beguiling little village, an attractive cluster of sturdy chalets and shops, whose centre can be circled in a leisurely five-minute walk. On the slopes the girls were fairly vying with each other. In the end Miss **Wendy Farrington**, this year's team captain, came out on top. She's a tall, sturdily-built girl with a long blonde pony tail and a passion for ski-ing—on water or snow. "One doesn't help the other really," she told me. "On snow you lean forward and on water you lean back." The runner-up was Miss **Anna Asheshov**. About 30 girls were racing, most had been training in the Alps since November with just a few breaks for Christmas and New Year when they joined their families. It hasn't been all swishing *down* slopes either. Part of the training is walking *up* those slopes on skis just for muscle tone-up. The cost? About £300 to £450 a year for the four month's ski-ing which is considered the minimum for a top racer. This excludes actual tuition, which is met by that vital and alert organization, the Ski Club of Great Britain. I went up the mountains to watch the slalom, travelling in a twosome sort of space capsule slung from a rope. The race was exciting—after the first run through the brightly coloured gates it was anybody's slalom; five skiers were within a second of each

other. Then Miss Farrington going with great dash zig-zagged quickly through the gates. Next came Miss **Jane Gissing**, cleverly taking the whole thing at an angle that gave the impression she hadn't to zig-zag at all. Several times the icy snow crunched beneath her skis, giving spectators the feeling that disaster might be imminent but she continued on to flash through and win the Lady Mabel Lunn Cup, a well-deserved win too, since Jane is the team's slalom expert.

Château d'Oex is normally a very sunny spot, but as luck would have it all the sun was on the slope opposite the one on which the slalom was raced, though this didn't prevent Mrs. **W. R. Tomkinson** and her helpers from making a good job of the organization side of things. For her it was a most gratifying result, the team captain winning the main event and her own twin daughter **Diana** (who until this year had only skied a fortnight a year) coming fourth. There was a jolly crowd on the slopes that morning, including Mrs. **Sue Holmes** and Miss **Isobel Roe**, both past champions, Miss **Pamela Grant**, **Gina Hathorn** (the 14-year-old star who flew over from St. Moritz in a tiny plane), and Mrs. **Joan Shearing**, herself a skilful skier, who was naturally sorry that her daughter, **Patricia Murphy**, was out of the slalom due to a fall in the downhill. "She wants to go on ski-ing for a further month or so, and I'm trying to get her home to her domestic economy," she told me. One of the notable things about skiers is that they always have the energy and vivacity to whoop it up indoors when the snow

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



ENGINES  
SYMBOL  
PRECISION

# DEPART

CHRONOMETRAGE LONG

470 THE TATLER 28 February 1962



Miss Victoria Hands  
and Miss Marion Dunn-  
Yarker



Miss Jane Gissing makes her second  
run in the slalom which she won



Miss Judith O'Halloran  
fell during the slalom



Miss Ethel Levenson, Major Peter  
Forbes and Miss Belinda Coryton



# LADIES' DAY AT CHATEAU D'OEX

CONTINUED

slopes are dark. So it was no surprise that the party given by Miss **Phyllis Scott** had most of the enjoyment of a good downhill run. Mr. **P. F. Grey**, our Ambassador in Berne, and Mrs. Grey were there. Fortunately they like the mountains and this goes down wonderfully well with the Swiss. They skied in Russia when he was posted there ("it was really walking round in the slush!") but they have not tried the more ambitious sport of the Swiss Alps. As he explains in a deliciously dry way: "After all, what would the Foreign Office say if I sent a cable saying that I had broken my leg *on skis*?"

Sir **Arnold & Lady Lunn** were going on to the Museum afterwards to dine with the Mayor, like a number of people at the party. He was protesting at having to make a speech there. "He always protests beforehand, but he always does the talking for us," explained Mrs. Tomkinson who wasn't taking much notice of his agitations. "I don't know what we would do without him." Miss Scott's party was at her Grand chalet at Rossinière, a fascinating timber-framed old place which is 300 years old. Outside it looked so very Swiss, inside it was so very British. The party was in a great room like a little barn, and had many of Miss Scott's English friends as well as the racers. Dr. & Mrs. **A. Scott-Murray** were there, also **Lady Barton** (she'd been out earlier on the slopes which had the sun), Mr. **John Dunn-Yarker** and his daughter, **Marion**, who was racing, Mr. & Mrs. **Vincent Hedderman** from Ireland, and Mr. & Mrs. **T. Ritson**. Mr. **Henry Butter** who has a smart finishing school near Château d'Oex was there too. So were **Major Patrick Bennett** and Mrs. **Sherwood-Smith**, who both have chalets nearby. Mrs. Sherwood-Smith came with her son. The party was packed and virtually everybody was English, nearly all of them having gone out to ski. "The number of people who ski goes up fantastically from year to year," **Major Peter Forbes**, the Racing Secretary of the Ski Club of Great Britain told me. "We reckon anything between 150,000 and 200,000 a year are taking winter sports holidays this year." How they manage it is a mystery until a group of them get together and talk. Vivacious Miss **Caroline Sims** told me that she spends most of the winter as the Ski Club's representative in Wengen, returning annually in May when she takes a secretarial job until it is time to go to Wengen again in December. One of our leading racers, 17-year-old **Davina Galica** who won the Sestriere Derby the

previous week, told me that she combines her ski-ing with learning languages.

I listened to an amusing discussion on the right age to start ski-ing and the right age to give up. Miss **Tania Heald**, last year's champion, whose lithe, lissom body and big eyes make her one of the prettiest girls on the snow, told me that she started to ski when she was three. "Next year I want to get my nephew started," she said. She added, sounding as if valuable time had already been lost: "He's six now." Sir **Arnold Lunn**, the father of winter sports in the Alps, said he was game to keep his skis on till the end. "A couple of years ago I tried to get a race going in Kitzbuhel for those who started to ski in the last century," he told me. "I offered a cup, to be called the Methuselah Cup, and Eurovision, no doubt expecting to find a lot of funny old men, were very interested. But there were no entries!" Sir **Arnold's** challenge is still open.

It hasn't been a good year in Switzerland. The snow came late. But now—at last—it lies deep and crisp. Coming through Zürich on my way home—where I stayed at an excellent small hotel called the St. Gotthard—I met friends who had been winter sporting, and had news of many others. **Baron Bentinck**, the Netherlands Ambassador in London, & **Baroness Bentinck** have been at their pretty chalet at Klosters near the Austrian border. Film actress **Deborah Kerr** is also at Klosters where her favourite toy is a newly arrived snow plough from an American mail order firm, which she uses to clear the lake so she and her friends can have some ice hockey. Also in Switzerland, Mr. & Mrs. **Duncan Simmonds** who took their sons to Wengen, Mr. & Mrs. **Timothy Elwes** who with her mother, **Lydia Duchess of Bedford**, have been staying at Gstaad with the **Aga Khan**. The **Hon. Mrs. Henry Cubitt** was also loyal to Gstaad.

## TAILPIECE

For those who take their ski-ing seriously there is a bit of advice being distributed by Mr. **Winston Churchill** who captained Oxford in the successful varsity race at Zurs. According to Mr. Churchill one of the factors that contributed to the Oxford victory was the advice of Austria's ace skier, **Toni Sailer**. He suggested a small tot of Fernet Branca or Underberg before the race to relax the stomach muscles. It will be interesting to see what answer Cambridge will provide to that one.



Miss **Tania Heald**, the 1961 British Ladies' Ski Champion



Mr. **Patrick Bennett**, Mrs. **W. R. Tomkinson** (who organised the races) and Mrs. **John Dunn-Yarker**



The American Society in Scotland goes dancing at their annual fancy dress ball in Glasgow



*Mr. T. Smart (Hawaian) with Miss Margaret Billimore, a nurse from the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, York Hill. Left: Mr. Peter Ster (as Big Chief And How) from Columbus. His wife was the ball chairman. Right: Mrs. Rex Sebastian (Southern Belle), wife of the president of the American Society in England*



Photographs by Van Hallan

## WILD WEST GOES NORTH



*Mr. & Mrs. J. Scott—the Hawaiian touch*



*Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Sutton from Peoria, Illinois, as Annie Oakley and G.I. Joe*



*Miss Christine Auld and Mr. A. McNaught, as Spanish dancers*



Mr. & Mrs. Mark Clements (*Diamond Lil and Big Jim Brady*). She helped to organize the ball



Mr. & Mrs. J. M. O'Brien. She was responsible for the decor; the backdrop was painted by a Glasgow University art student



Chris Ware

## THE NEW MARSHAL

Rear-Admiral Earl Cairns has been appointed the new Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, a job that involves, among other things, watching over relations between Buckingham Palace and the 93 diplomatic missions in London. Earl Cairns, seen with the Countess and their son Viscount Garmoye (they have a younger son and a daughter) lives at Clopton Hall, near Woodbridge. For an anatomy of this Suffolk town, turn to page 476



# Gift to a NATION

BY ROBERT WRAIGHT

BEFORE SONJA HENIE MARRIED SHIPOWNER Niels Onstad in 1956 she was the not-particularly-proud owner of a few Old Masters, two Gainsboroughs—which she put up for sale at Sotheby's last year—and a Lawrence. After her marriage she became the joint-owner of one of the richest private collections of modern paintings in the world. Just how rich you may judge during the next few weeks when the greater part of it—116 pictures—go on show at the Tate Gallery on Friday.

Later in the year the pictures will go to Liverpool and then to the Edinburgh Festival. And when they return to Norway they will, all but a handful, become the property of the Norwegian people—an (estimated) million pound gift from the Onstads, who are also giving a further million in cash to build and establish an art centre to house them.

The art centre will be built on a 30-acre site near Oslo and is envisaged as a parallel to the Guggenheim Museum in New York. It will include, besides the museum, a 12-storey apartment house, a log cabin-motel, workshops and studios, swimming pool and parks, the whole producing an active, organic institution in which contemporary art will be created, not incarcerated. Niels Onstad is a gifted amateur painter—his interest in art had early been fired by his mother. He began collecting the moderns more than 30 years ago and among his earliest buys were two of the Legers now at the Tate, pictures which at that time were going for a *pourboire*. Next he discovered and bought the work of Jacques Villon who was still an unknown. He always liked to back his own judgment, to find

the distinguished artists of the present when the present was still the distant future.

When Sonja Henie came into his life he had nearly 100 pictures at his home, a handsome manor house in the same neighbourhood as that of the new art centre. They lined every room and hung four and five deep on the staircase. Miss Henie, who admits that at that time she could scarcely tell a Braque from a Bonnard let alone a De Staël from a Le Moal, took one horrified look at them and said, "If I'm going to move in here you'll have to get rid of all those ghastly paintings." To which Mr. Onstad replied, "Don't worry. You'll get used to them."

His new wife not only got used to them she caught the bug as well. With both of them buying, the collection doubled in size during the first five years of their marriage. What started as "a kind of sport, just to tease my husband" became for Miss Henie the principal outlet for that tremendous energy which she had previously channelled into the big business of being a film-star-on-ice and its associated industries. "I became fascinated with the abstract things and began to feel I understood them," she says. And everywhere she went—Paris, New York, Los Angeles (where there is a second Onstad home) and Switzerland (where there is a third)—she acquired new "abstract things."

Her most personal contributions to the collection are the nine Hartungs. Dr. Henning Gran, former curator of Oslo's National Gallery and now the hottest tip for the director's job at the new Henie-Onstad Art Centre, says that there is a theory among amateur psychologists that her love of Hartung's work springs from a

Opening this week at the Tate is an exhibition of modern paintings from one of the world's richest private collections. The joint-owners, ice star Sonja Henie and her husband Niels Onstad, will later present their collection to the people of Norway with a further £1,000,000 cash gift to build an art centre in which to house it



Sonja Henie on the staircase of her home at Landöya near Oslo. Paintings behind her include Alfred Manessier's *Le Bouquet*, Joan Miro's *Femmes dans la nuit* and Fernand Leger's *Composition avec figure*, 1930



*Left: A Hartung from the Henie-Onstad collection. Below: The Onstad home at Landöya*

kinship between his brush strokes and the beautiful lines a skater makes on ice!

Miss Henie has taken for herself her husband's motto: "nothing 'in between,'" by which he means not "abstracts only" but "nothing half-hearted." Considering the number of years over which the collection has been made it is remarkable how few "odd men out" there are in it. Curious (or perhaps not, since he is very much an island) Picasso seems the oddest man out. He is represented by two distorted versions of a seated woman, painted in 1941, and a poor "Still-life with fishes" of 1953.

Many of these things must have become very dear to the collector and the problem of choosing the few that will keep must be painful. How, in fact, does one choose between a beautiful Bonnard and a magnificent Matisse, especially when you are rich enough not to care about market values? Ask Mr. Onstad which are his favourite pictures and, unless you stop him, he will name nearly all in the collection. There are the four fine Cubist works by Juan Gris and the three gay Miro's, the Legers, the Villons and the Maurice Esteves, and the more recently acquired De Staels, the Sam Francis, the Riopelle, the Asger Jorn. Oh, and don't forget the Bazaine and the Baumeister and the Beaudins. . . . And so on.

There will not be bare walls in the Onstads' home for long. In the few months since they announced their gift they have bought more than 50 new paintings. These and those yet to come will be "fed" into the art centre continuously once it is opened. Their satisfaction will come from being still young enough to see the dream take shape and to watch it grow.



*Above: Architect's model for the Henie-Onstad Art Centre to be built at nearby Hovik. Left: Paintings behind the Onstads have already been exhibited in Oslo.*





# ANATOMY



Anthea Sieveking photographs Woodbridge  
on the Deben, the town with a Dutch look where  
lived that unlikely genius the translator  
of Omar's Rubaiyat. Ronald Blythe,  
who lives there now, supplies a commentary

## A SUFFOLK TOWN



Sunday morning: A Woodbridge familiar, the orange cat that guards the churchyard



Saturday morning: Main street seen through a vegetable shop window



WOODBRIDGE owes its present popularity to a delightful tidal loop of the River Deben and to two military dukes. The first scarcely needs explanation; from the unknown prince whose burial mound disclosed the fabulous Sutton Hoo treasure, to the matamoran enthusiasts who follow its gentle course today this quiet Suffolk river has never wanted for worshippers. But the mention of military dukes carries with it a reflection on what I suppose might be described as "military aesthetics." What person in their right mind would want to move into a War Department area these days the moment the troops moved out? Yet when the Duke of Cumberland, of shameful memory, left Woodbridge he also left a considerable elegance. From then onwards, until the end of the Napoleonic Wars, a succession of officers garrisoned in the town built themselves many pleasant Adamesque homes, and it was these houses that the officers of the Duke of Devonshire's regiment, stationed in Woodbridge during the 1914-1918 war, found tempting enough to return to later on. Or so they say. I personally think that a generation brought up on Kenneth Grahame's doctrine of messing about in boats found the hulk-littered banks of the Deben irresistible, and that the attraction was bowsprits—not fanlights.

Woodbridge, Nicholas Pevsner thinks, is the most beautiful town in Suffolk. I am not certain about this. Each Suffolk town has a curiously astringent individuality that makes comparison invidious. Woodbridge certainly has a Dutch flavour and the extraordinary clarity of the East Anglian climate gives a bright, determined edge to its sharp gables and flint finials. Bricks have a Pieter de Hooch glow about them, as if each had hoarded all the sun that ever shone on it. As one shops all down Church Street and along the Thoroughfare there are glimpses of private gardens and russet courts at the end of whitewashed alleys. Some of these gardens are enormous and there seems to be no connection between them and the Georgian façades of the houses to which they belong.

Woodbridge is one of those towns that add small sardonic footnotes to history. It was at the Priory just behind the parish church that Henry VIII's commissioners met to find Cardinal Wolsey guilty under the writ which brought about his downfall—a cynical accident of geography for one whose star had begun its dazzling ascendancy in a butcher's shop at Ipswich, only eight miles away. Ropes for Edward

III's wars were made here; an Elizabethan squire built the Session Hall so successfully in the Flemish manner that nine visitors out of ten tell each other that it is William & Mary. The rest is ships, ships, ships.

The railway station and the harbour are all mixed up together with a kind of Dufy insouciance. Pennants, signal boxes, second-class carriages and first-class yachts, spinnakers and diesel-engine whoops create a tremendous sense of occasion as one arrives. And if one should have happened to have come from London the light at first is quite blinding.

But the whole secret of towns like Woodbridge and the thing that makes them so exciting to live in is their subtle ability to provide a background for the individual, an addition to the meaning of life and an essence that lies beyond the fringe of house agents' blandishments.

My Woodbridge is hopelessly haunted by the eccentric genius of Edward Fitzgerald. I frequently wish it were not, for he and his masterpiece, the *Rubaiyat*, aren't the most cheerful of shades. But Woodbridge was Fitz's metropolis and it was here that he managed to express his own sybaritic pessimism under the disguise of translating an old Persian poem. He lies under a sinking Lorraine cross a few meadows from my garden. A rose specially seeded from the rose growing on Omar's tomb in Persia has been planted at his head. And even the dullest sightseer cannot avoid a metaphysical thrill at the thought of the roots of this rose nervously sucking at the source of its immortality. Sometimes at night, when the carp in my weed-locked pond rise in the oily gold water and the heifers on the church glebe infect each other with brief, noisy stampedes, and the last American bomber scrapes the sycamore on its way home to Bentwaters, I find myself wondering if this rose is a rose—in spite of that famous assurance.

"June over!" wrote Fitz to a friend, "and the roses here are blowing . . . You would be sorry to think that Omar breathes a sort of consolation to me." A hundred years have passed since that was written and the Woodbridge roses are still blowing, my roses, the acres of roses in my neighbour's nursery garden and the stunted bud on the poet's grave. Somehow this charnel flower manages to defeat the hybrid opulence of all the rest. It is a vampire of a rose that inhales all the living optimism of the Deben countryside and exhales in its place gusts of Victorian sadness. There are times when I would like to have Mr. Cuthbert or Mr. Clarence Elliot down to tell it to cheer up.



LT.-GEN. SIR IAN & LADY JACOB, with their grandson Nicholas. They live at The Red House in Cumberland Street. Sir Ian was Director-General of the B.B.C. from 1952 to 1959

WOODBIDGE BOATYARDS. Edward FitzGerald named his own boat Scandal after what he termed the town's "chief product." Best-known yard is that of the Everson brothers. Below: Miss Lilian Redstone, daughter and sister of two well-known historians. She is seen here in the Jacobean grammar school, now a library





THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE'S home, *Beacon House*, is "Suffolk white brick" at its most Regency. It stands high, outside the town. The river is a distant glitter between enormous cedars

ROSE LADY WHITE lives at *Boulge Hall*, seat of the FitzGerald family. She came to Woodbridge as a young bride, found the landscape "rather fearful," now loves it dearly







MRS. CHARLES HORNCastle, wife of Commander Horncastle, with their son Jason. The Horncastles are newcomers to Woodbridge, live on an Edwardian barge, the Pretoria, launched in 1902 and bought out of trade a few years ago



MR. GEORGE ARNOTT lives in Church Street. An expert on Suffolk waterways, sailor, author and businessman, he is probably the most familiar figure in the town



GERVASE & MARY WINGFIELD have their home above the East Coast Yacht Agency, of which he is a director. The Wingfields, of Wingfield Castle, were advisers to the Plantagenets, have been East Anglians for 900 years



TWO VIEWS OF WOODBRIDGE taken from the 15th-century flint tower of the parish church, once a beacon for shipping. The town is looped by the river Deben



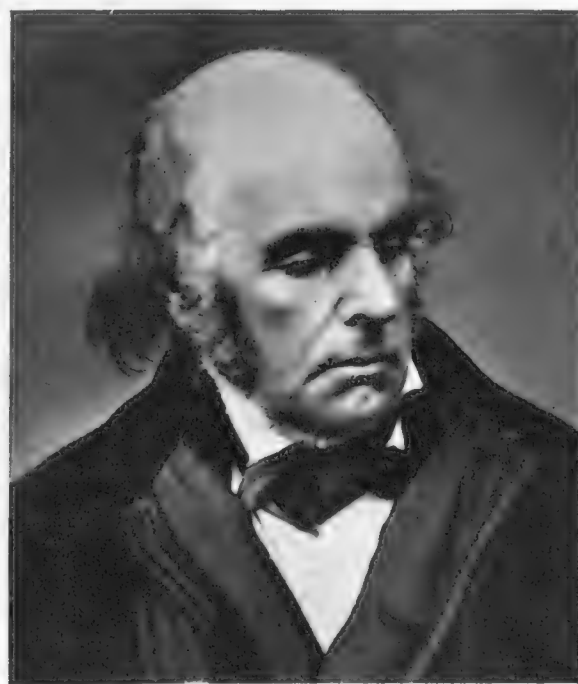
## ANATOMY OF A SUFFOLK TOWN *concluded*



SIR PERCY WYN-HARRIS lives in Theatre Street. A former Governor of Gambia and a member of the 1933 and 1936 Everest expeditions, he came to Woodbridge for quiet sailing. Seen here on his yacht *Spurwing*



MISS GRACE HOWE keeps the sweetshop near the Abbey School. Her grandmother was housekeeper to Edward FitzGerald. She is holding here the poet's shawl, shows his snuff-box, spectacles and inkwell



EDWARD FITZGERALD, a rare photograph of the poet, translator, letter-writer, who was born and all his life lived, within walking distance of Woodbridge. He died in 1883, is buried nearby beneath a rose from the tomb of Omar Khayyam



Lord Kilbracken

# The farmer and his lordship should be friends

I USUALLY CONTRIVE WITH SOME DEGREE OF DISORDERED efficiency to organize the three main activities which collectively comprise my so-called professional life—viz. (a) farming, (b) legislating and (c) writing, to state them alphabetically—so that they avoid getting in one another's way and treading on each other's toes. As may be imagined, however, it isn't always easy, as the events of the last few days have clearly brought home to me. The second half of February is a most important fortnight to many farmers in Ireland because it's the time of the Bull Shows. The Carrick-on-Shannon Show this year—it's the only one of any importance in my own area, the north-west—was on the 15th and 16th, with Ballsbridge (Dublin) the next week, from the 20th to the 22nd. Now the rearing of pedigree bulls is just about the chanciest business in farming, which is a chaney game anyway. It probably costs £80 to put a year-old bull in the ring, perhaps more. If he's a complete and utter flop, and is purchased by a butcher—ah, the ignominy of it!—you may only get half your money back. But if he's a success, he may possibly fetch anything up to £35,000—which is, I believe, the record for a bull in these islands.

Well, as it happened, my six registered Shorthorns excelled themselves last year by *all* having bull calves. The odds against this are 63-1. Strangely enough, my three purebred Herefords all had heifers, but I would still have more bulls than in any previous year available for sale in 1962. I laid my detailed plans, and made my dispositions, when I was at Killegar for Christmas. To Carrick-on-Shannon, I'd send Mercutio and Cassio; Iago and Coriolanus, the two most promising, would represent me at Ballsbridge; while I'd keep the two youngest bulls, Prospero and Hamlet, for the smaller show at Carrick in a couple of months' time. I made out all the infinitely complicated entrance forms—you have to provide, for instance, the complete milking record of the bulls' dams, and a genealogical table which goes back five generations—and returned to London to write a few articles and oppose a few bills.

Farming affairs at Killegar manage in general to look after themselves well enough when I'm away, assisted by long-distance telephone calls and occasional weekend visits, but there are certain Very Important Occasions on which I like to think, probably erroneously, that my presence is essential, and I

certainly include among these the February shows. Whether or not, in fact, I'm actually indispensable, the excitement of seeing my bulls judged, and then (which is much more important) being sold, is something which I wouldn't like to miss anyway.

Accordingly I made arrangements to fly over to Dublin from London on the evening of the 13th, leaving at 4.45 p.m., which would give me the next day—St. Valentine's—to work on Cassio and Mercutio and to see them off to Carrick. And I would fly back on the 22nd, the moment the hammer had fallen on Iago and Coriolanus. There was only one slight complication: the Committee Stage of the Northern Ireland Bill, to which I had tabled an amendment, was to be taken on the 13th. One can never be certain how long it may take Their Lordships to reach any given point in the day's business, but I had reckoned I should be able to catch my plane comfortably. The House would sit at two o'clock that day, when the Introduction of a newly-created peer, Lord Brain, would be the first item on the agenda, and might take 20 minutes. There would then be one Question, by Lord Douglas of Barloch, followed by a couple of Second Readings which were expected to be formal. The Northern Ireland Bill came next, and mine was the only amendment; so I expected to be slipping away not later than 3.15, before the debate on agriculture that followed on the Order Paper.

These plans of mine, however, received a severe setback when I went down to the House at lunch-time on the day. Three last-minute amendments, I found, had been tabled to the Bill, and would all be moved *before* mine because they related to earlier clauses. This was bad enough in itself; but there was also talk, it seemed, of postponing the entire Committee Stage to the following Tuesday, at the very moment when Coriolanus and Iago would be in the ring at Ballsbridge. Alternatively the debate on agriculture might now be heard before "my" Bill, in which case I would miss my plane and might not get on a later one. At two o'clock, therefore, the odds were quite considerable against my getting to Dublin that night; and, if I did, I might have to fly back to London, just for the day, on Tuesday. Much as I wanted to be at Ballsbridge when my two bulls were judged, I felt strongly enough about my amendment, and had done enough homework on it, to be willing, if necessary, to forego this pleasure; by returning the same evening to Dublin, I'd at least be present at the sale next day. There followed, in due course, a discussion between the Lord Chancellor and the Leader of the Opposition as to the procedure to be followed; and it was finally decided to adhere to the original order. My hopes began to rise. Next it transpired that two amendments had been withdrawn. My hopes rose further—there only remained Lord Longford's (which I supported) and my own. Unless Longford became quite unwontedly verbose, I should still catch my plane.

I watched the clock as he spoke, and as other Noble Lords followed him. I watched it, from the corner of my eye, as I had my own say and as the Lord Chancellor replied. For reasons which will be understood, I did not divide the House. I caught my noble Viscount by the skin of my teeth after a wild rush to the airport; a couple of hours later I was safely a farmer again.



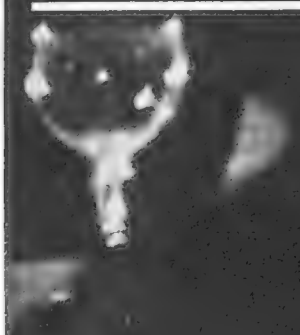


# GREAT DICTATOR THE GREAT DICTATOR THE G

Once more the yearly assault on fashion when Paris dictates its terms and women follow as they will. Battle equipment on the clothes field this year—a flurry of oriental flounces, ruffles and pleats...Cleopatra-like décolletages...a shimmer of chiffon and bolts of crêpe. The winning banner colours—every nuance from sizzling pink to palest lemon, plus a splash of blue. Well-dressed women who want to re-think their prettiest clothes in terms of spring, read on for a diary of the Paris Collections.

**SITUATION:** WE HAD LE TWIST, CHAMPAGNE AND AN HOUR'S CABARET—ALL THE STARRY-EYED GLAMOUR OF AN EVENING OUT AT THE LIDO. **SETTING:** SHORT WHITE PLEATED CHIFFON DRESS, JACKETED IN ERMINE. RAISED WAIST IS CAUGHT WITH A BOW, NECKLINE LOW AND FRILLED. SCARLET SILK FOR THE PLAIN EVENING PUMPS AND FUR LINING. LANVIN-CASTILLO; JACKET AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

**CAMERAMAN:**  
DESMOND RUSSELL  
**REPORTAGE:**  
ELIZABETH DICKSON



THE GREAT DICTATOR THE GREAT DICTATOR THE GREAT





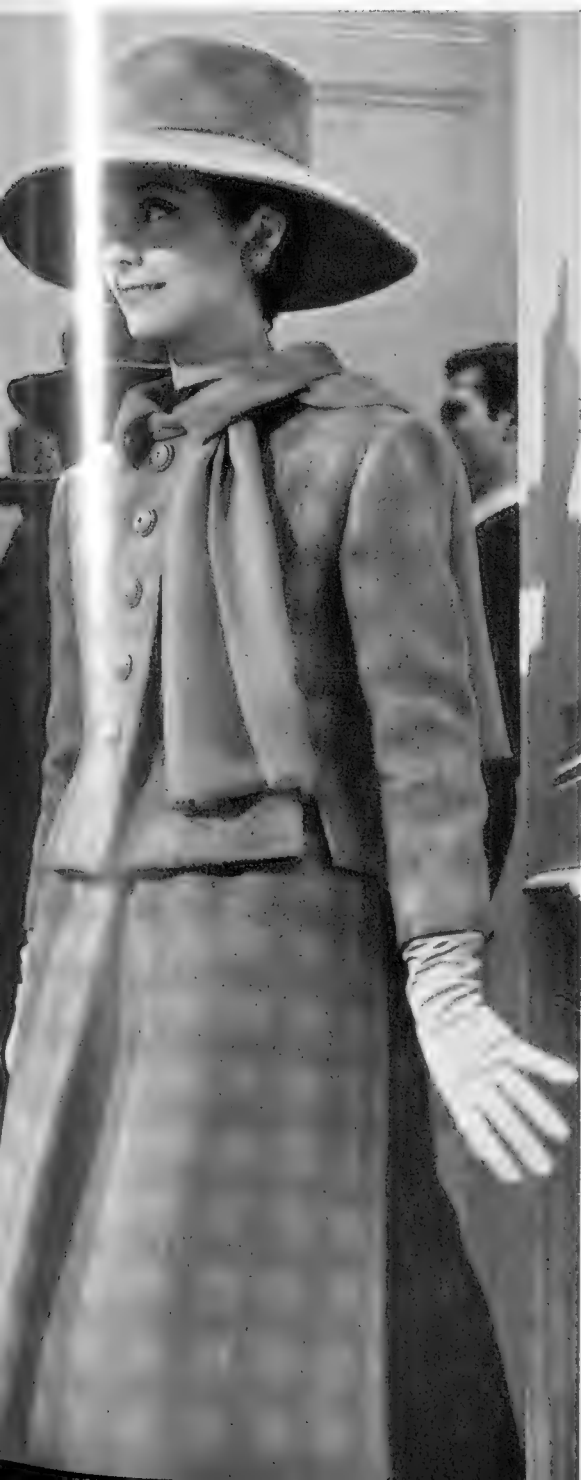
**SITUATION:** NOSTALGICALLY, AT THE BRASSERIE LIPP ON THE BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN—AT OUR OWN SPECIAL TABLE, TOO.  
**SETTING:** NINA RICCI'S TANGERINE SILK SUIT, DRAMATICALLY BELTED IN BLACK LEATHER SAM BROWNE, JACKET FASTENED WITH A SINGLE BRASS BUTTON AND BLACK ROSE PIN AT THE POCKET. SOOTY CHIFFON BLOUSE AND GARBO IN ORANGE STRAW



## PARIS THE GREAT DICTATOR

**SITUATION:** THOUGHT HE'D POP THE QUESTION SOONER OR LATER—AT THE CAFE IN THE BOIS, CHOCOLATE AND ECLAIRS FOR TWO.  
**SETTING:** SPLASHY PINK AND BLUE SILK PRINT DRESS WITH FULL PLEATED SKIRT AND TINY WAIST. FROM JACQUES HEIM, WHITE COOLIE STRAW BY SVEND.

**SITUATION:** EARLY MORNING NEW SHOWROOMS, LAST OF THE PRESS SHOWS. **SETTING:** YVES ST. LAURENT'S MOST STUNNING SUIT: EASY SKIRT WITH A SINGLE PLEAT AT THE FRONT, SLIGHTLY MILITARY JACKET TIED IN A SCARF OF CHIFFON. SUIT AND WIDE-BRIMMED HAT IN HEATHER AND GREEN TWEED. AT FORTNUM & MASON



**SITUATION:** TIME-OFF BETWEEN SHOWS, AT THE CABINE-CHANEL. **SETTING:** THE SUIT—DELICIOUS HONEYTWEED, SKIRT WITH A HINT OF FLARE AND VENT IN FRONT; BUTTONS ETCHED IN BLACK. JACKET BRAIDING TO MATCH A LOOSE BLACK CREPE BLOUSE, THE GILT BELT PLAITED WITH LEATHER; BLACK ORGANZA BOATER AND WHITE GARDENIA. THE DRESS—BACK FROM A SLINKY COLUMN OF CHIFFON FOR AN UNELABORATE EVENING—IN LIME GREEN WITH BODICE TUCKED FORE AND AFT, SKIRT LONG AND GENTLY FLARED





## PARIS THE GREAT DICTATOR

**SITUATION:** SEEN AND LIKED, B.B.'s NEW MOVIE, SEEN AND ADMIRER—MY CITY SUIT—THE BEST INVESTMENT FOR A SPRINGTIME BUY. **SETTING:** ONE FROM PHILLIPE VENET'S FIRST COLLECTION IN GLOWING HYACINTH TWEED, SKIRT GATHERED IN GENTLE UNPRESSED PLEATS. GREAT GAUZE STOLE AND SHINY CHIGNON-CAP IN CHOCOLATE BROWN





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**SITUATION:** MAYBE HE WON'T TURN UP AFTER ALL; AND THERE WAS I, DRESSED TO KILL. **SETTING:** RENDEZVOUS AT NOON, SAFFRON WOOL SUIT, THE SKIRT WITH A WIDE FLARE AT THE BACK, COLOUR CARRIED THROUGH FOR CHIFFON BLOUSE AND CHIFFON STREAMERS ON THE YELLOW STRAW HAT. FROM THE COLLECTION OF LANVIN-CASTILLO, AT HARRODS

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**SETTING:** RENDEZVOUS AT SIX, WIDE BACK FLARE AGAIN, HERE (LEFT) FOR A PEACOCK SATIN THEATRE COAT WITH COLLARLESS ORIENTAL LOOK. WORN OVER A SLEEVELESS EMERALD CHIFFON DRESS AND WITH A BIRD-NEST HAT. STEMS AND LEAVES IN EMERALD SILK. ROBERTO CAPUCCI

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# PARIS

## THE GREAT DICTATOR

**SITUATION:** STOPPED FOR COFFEE, HERE AT THE BEST ON THE LEFT BANK CIRCUIT—THE CAFE FLORE. **SETTING:** TOMBOY, LOW-BELTED COAT IN MUSTARD TWEED, RAISED STITCHING TRACKS DOWN THE FRONT PLEATS AND SEAMS. WORN WITH MATCHING SLEEVELESS TUNIC DRESS IN LIGHT WOOL AND SIDE-TILT STRAW BEANIE. BY MARC BOHAN FOR THE HOUSE OF DIOR

**SITUATION:** STOPPED FOR ROLLS AND MORNING PAPERS, ON THE WAY TO COFFEE AGAIN—THIS TIME, DAWN BREAKFAST. **SETTING:** CLEOPATRA BALLGOWN IN MOONLIGHT WHITE CHIFFON FALLING FROM A SATIN CUMMERBUND, WHITE SATIN AGAIN FOR THE WINGED, ROMANTIC EVENING COAT. FULL EVENING DRAMA BY MICHEL GOMA







## DAY

**Le style Egypte at Alexandre** (*above, right*) concentrates width at the back of the head for would-be Nefertitis. His gentled-up version of Cleopatra demonstrated here isn't as advanced as the squarer kind but probably easier on the un-Egyptian English eye. Harriet Hubbard Ayer mixed the night-time drama to go with it—school-girl pink lipstick in Transparent Rose, dusky Egyptian skin in Desert shaded Total Film, dusted with their new transparent powder that doesn't interfere with the foundation shade. Eyes are rimmed completely with a doubled-up slant at the outer corners and shaded-in sockets. The more exotic version of this has a triangular bit of shading at the outer corners so that the eye shape resembles a slanting fish.

**Le style puffball at Carita** (*above*) demonstrates the feeling for the unbeat, uncute approach to looking good in the daytime with shiny, polished hair falling in a big swoop from a high gathered topknot. Pussy cat bow in the picture is

just half a yard of the thousands of yards of ribbons that have been cut and tied in Paris for the Collections. The face underneath is made up to look fragile, young with Carita's new Rose Prunus make-up which has the blush of pale rose high on the cheekbones.

Ideas unlimited . . . the phoney but pretty gardenias at Chanel where one was placed above the ear on choppy fringed hairdos. Often there was half a circular bandeau topped by a flattened bow in brown, black or navy peter-sham . . . smudgy eyes shadowed in grey, lipsticks tending to brown again (try Orlane). . . Hands innocent of nail polish or painted a perfect pale pearl. . . Young Cleopatras tend to a squarish club cut with a deepish fringe. . . Branching jewelled sprays that covered ears seasons ago have found their way into the hair where they are placed dead centre on a built-up hairdo. . . Long columns of hair built high at Yves St. Laurent and Cardin where the spirals bend back and out.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



## NIGHT

# CRUSH ON CLEO

# YES?

## PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

**My Place.** Comedy Theatre. (Diane Cilento, Barry Foster, Annette Crosbie, Dandy Nichols.)

### *Green Room rag—slightly breathless*

ADMIRERS OF MISS ELAINE DUNDY'S WITTY NOVEL "THE DUD AVOCADO" may well be disconcerted by her first play. **My Place** at the Comedy has a light-hearted intention which ought to disarm criticism, but which unhappily provokes it. The piece sets out to show that the *nouvelle vague* actress and the fashionable Edwardian leading lady, and indeed the whole tribe of theatre folk through the centuries, are sisters under the skin. So sophisticated as they may pretend to be, they are mostly simple children at heart. Whatever the manners or the morals of the time may be, they do their best to imitate them. At some periods there are charming manners and douce morals to imitate, then the leading ladies are very elegant charmers and handle their love affairs with a certain discretion. There are at present no manners to speak of and hardly any morals; and we are not surprised to learn from Miss Dundy that backstage the smaller and the youngest of the stars wear what they please, behave as they will and that their talk is as uninhibited and as amoral, as hip and as beat, as the talk given them to use on the stage in plays that are, as some think, already on their way out. What surprises us is that our own responses to this free-&-easy, would-be amusing talk should be so feeble.

We are inclined in the garrulous first act to lay the blame on Miss Diane Cilento. She is an actress who needs something to act and is inclined to be a little self-conscious, a little heavy, where she has to paint character with little or no help from the action. Here she has to introduce a girl whose mercurial temperament and perpetually fizzing high spirits have brought her some success on the stage and made her the leading spirit of her little theatrical set. She uses her dressing room as a day hotel and "sleeps around" after the show, an arrangement that keeps her in constant touch with theatrical atmosphere and incidentally facilitates promiscuity. Her boy friend is an insecure but at present quite successful Irish actor who is so nearly illiterate that when he is offered a part in a film he only bothers to read the "blurb" of the book from which the film is taken to find out what kind of part he is being offered. This loutish fellow stuns the heroine with surprise by proposing to her.

This shock is really the beginning of the simple little story that Miss Dundy has to tell. By this time we have begun to put more of the blame for our feebleness of response on the dialogue and less on the actress who has to cope with it. It is dialogue that tries too hard to score a laugh with every line, and those who have to speak it are given no appropriate by-play which would enable them to draw breath between one quip and the next. Their desperation communicates itself to us and instead of enjoying the light-hearted affair comfortably we are made to feel uneasy. When the plot gets under way Miss Cilento at once gets a grip of the part. No sooner has this happened than we are again called on to fault the author. Her organization of the play chokes the second act with plot and leaves the third act with hardly any visible means of subsistence.

But there it is. It is through this plot that the play seeks to make its second point: that theatre folk, under whatever disguises the period may force on them, remain essentially the same: warm-hearted, effusively sentimental and childishly egotistical, with a continuing dependence on their dear old mums, however irritating they may be, and really at heart most of them are likely to be one-man women and one-woman men.

And so for all the sophisticated talk we find ourselves having to take seriously the question whether the heroine shall give up a great chance to star in New York for the sake of her marriage. When she has found the noble answer her future husband is offered a film contract which will take him to Israel. With masculine vanity he never doubts that his wife will accompany him. How can a light comedy that merely chatters about the problem without attempting to tackle it find a stage ending without letting both the New York and film contract break down, each of the lovers trying for a *mauvais quart d'heure* trying to conceal the facts from each other? Mr. Barry Foster displays the manoeuvres of an up-&-coming actor effectively, and there are good minor performances by Mr. Guy Deghy, Mr. Tristram Jellinek & Mr. Harry Towb.

## FILMS

Elspeth Grant

**The Roman Spring Of Mrs. Stone.** Director José Quintero. (Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, Lotte Lenya, Coral Browne.)

**A View From The Bridge.** Director Sidney Lumet. (Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Morris Carnovsky, Jean Sorel, Raymond Pellegrin.)

**The Devil's Wanton.** Director Ingmar Bergman. (Birger Malmsten, Doris Svedlund, Stig Olin, Hasse Ekman.)

### *Mrs. Stone's phantom problem*

IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT MISS VIVIEN LEIGH, RETURNING TO THE screen after an absence of six years, gives an effective and even an affecting performance in **The Roman Spring Of Mrs. Stone**—the film version of Mr. Tennessee Williams's depressing novel: all the same, I think she is miscast. As long as they were free to imagine what Mrs. Stone looked like, other women in their late forties could weep over her sad fate. Viewing Miss Leigh, to whom the passing years have been more than kind, I imagine they will wonder a mite impatiently what on earth *this* Mrs. Stone has to worry about. It seems incredible that she would allow herself to be gulled and humiliated by a young Italian gigolo—but there you are: that's Mr. Williams's story and we are stuck with it.

Karen Stone, a Broadway actress approaching 50, abandons her career and loses her devoted millionaire husband simultaneously. She retires to Rome, cuts herself off from her friends and lives alone, an elegant recluse, in a luxurious palazzo (staffed by a single maidservant). A wicked old Contessa (Fraulein Lotte Lenya), who maintains a string of gigolos for the diversion of rich and lonely women, marks Mrs. Stone down as a likely customer. She introduces her to Paolo (Mr. Warren Beatty), a handsome young man who is prepared to share fifty-fifty with the Contessa the money he hopes to extract from the wealthy widow. Mrs. Stone at first treats Paolo coldly—making it clear that she wouldn't dream of paying for his attentions—but eventually she falls in love with him and, as a sop to her self-respect, she persuades herself that *he* is in love with *her*. This situation would be pathetic if there were any valid reason why he *shouldn't* be—but Miss Leigh is (and always has been) a beauty with whom men of all ages fall in love and one merely marvels that Mrs. Stone, with her exquisite face and figure, chooses to become the mistress of a mercenary young cad who boasts to his barber about the costly presents she gives him. Infatuation, one assumes, must be the answer.

The Contessa, dissatisfied at not receiving her percentage of Paolo's loot (what use would a dozen expensive suits be to her?) decides to end the unrewarding relationship: dangling the prospects of a film career under his shapely nose, she lures Paolo into an affair with a pretty young





Carol Lawrence as the *fille fatale* who unconsciously tempts her guardian, Raf Vallone, to his doom, in the film of Arthur Miller's story *A View From The Bridge*, brilliantly directed by Sidney Lumet

starlet (Miss Jill St. John). Mrs. Stone, frantic with jealousy, begs Paolo to stay with her on whatever terms he cares to name: contemptuously he throws her off, telling her he has no use for a woman who has made herself the laughing-stock of Rome. Instead of heading smartly for the nearest airport, Mrs. Stone plunges desperately into further degradation. A good-looking, ragged young fellow (Mr. Jeremy Spencer) who has silently followed her about for months, looks up at her from the street as she looks haggardly down from her balcony. She throws him her keys. With the air of a hungry cat approaching an uncaged canary, he picks them up and enters the palazzo.

Mr. Beatty seems to me to lack sex-appeal—and Miss Leigh to have too much to make her plight credible. Miss Coral Browne is admirably crisp as Mrs. Stone's oldest friend, of the kind who will always tell you the truth at the moment you least want to hear it—and Fraulein Lenya's performance (her first on the screen for 30 years) is a stylish piece of virtuosity. The sets are exceptionally beautiful: they are something to dwell on with delight when the uninspired direction allows the film to sag.

There is infinitely more real tragedy in Mr. Arthur Miller's story of self-deception and misplaced love, *A View From The Bridge*. A hard-working longshoreman, Signor Raf Vallone, and his wife, Miss Maureen Stapleton, Italians living in Brooklyn, have at great sacrifice to themselves brought up the woman's American-born niece, Miss Carol Lawrence. She is now a pretty young woman of 18 but with Signor Vallone she continues to behave like an affectionate child, which is just what he wishes as he feels he loves her like a father. Only the homely, middle-aged wife (Miss Stapleton gives her an inner sweetness and beauty) sadly suspects what he will not admit to himself—that the girl attracts him sexually.

Two Sicilian brothers, M. Jean Sorel and M. Raymond Pellegrin, who have entered the United States illegally, are generously given house-room in the couple's cramped flat—and disaster steps in with them. Signor Vallone hotly resents the interest M. Jean Sorel takes in Miss Lawrence and cannot bear it that this interest is returned. He is not

jealous, he tells himself fiercely—he is only concerned with the girl's happiness and M. Sorel is unworthy of her. He goes almost mad with rage when Miss Lawrence announces that she is going to marry Mr. Sorel: can she not see that the man only wants to marry her to become an American citizen—doesn't she realize that he is a homosexual? To humiliate the boy, he kisses him on the mouth in front of the girl—which shocks Miss Lawrence horribly but only serves to make her hate Signor Vallone: she will still be M. Sorel's wife. In desperation, Signor Vallone commits the one sin that is unforgivable among his kind: he denounces the brothers to the Immigration Bureau—after which there is nothing left for him but suicide.

Mr. Sidney Lumet, directing, has created a compelling atmosphere of mounting tensions and every moment tells in the slow progress of the drama to its inevitable climax. Signor Vallone, as the man tormented by emotions he cannot even recognize, gives the most powerful performance I have yet seen from this fine actor—and M. Pellegrin, well remembered from *We Are All Murderers*, again holds one spellbound with his darkly brooding eyes.

Herr Ingmar Bergman's involved and gloomy film, *The Devil's Wanton* (made in 1949), is dedicated to the proposition that Hell is here on earth—and if prostitution, infanticide, attempted murder, rape and suicide were (as would appear) all earth has to offer, I might accept it. But there are other things—*aren't* there?

## BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

**The Non-Existent Knight, & The Cloven Viscount**, by Italo Calvino. (Collins, 16s.)  
**On Moral Courage**, by Compton Mackenzie. (Collins, 25s.)

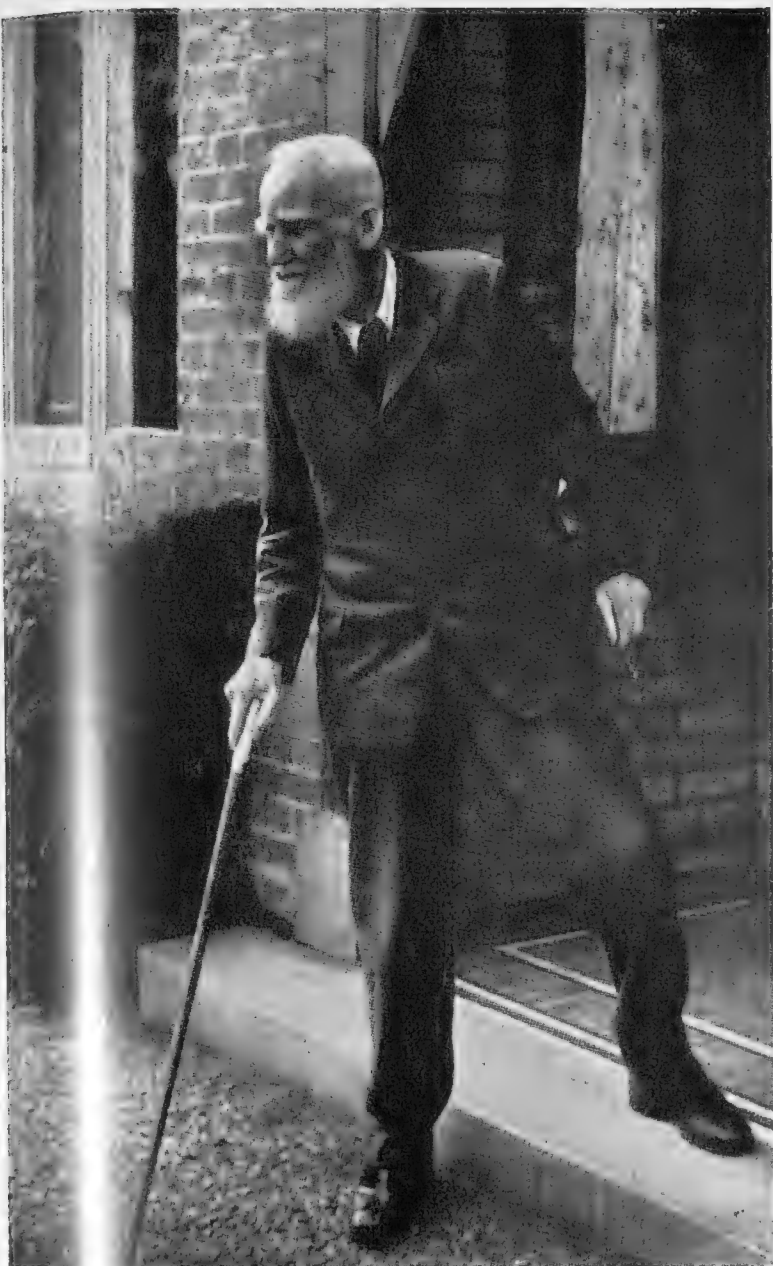
**The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company In Gilbert & Sullivan Operas**. Compiled by Cyril Rollins & R. John Witts. (Michael Joseph, 35s.)

**The Biology Of Art**, by Desmond Morris. (Methuen, 36s.)

### *Armour without knight*

SOME TIME AGO THERE APPEARED AN ENTIRELY ENCHANTING, mysteriously convincing fantasy called *Baron In The Trees*, so real, so lyrical that from time to time one could easily convince oneself this was an account of a genuine Italian 18th-century eccentric who took to living literally at tree-top level. The author was Italo Calvino, who has now published two long-short stories with adorable titles, *The Non-Existent Knight* and *The Cloven Viscount*, the first written in 1959, the second eight years earlier. *The Non-Existent Knight* is a weird, tender-hearted, upsetting, wildly funny, and to me at least ultimately inexplicable poetic fantasy—once more written with the most intense conviction, and with detail observed as sharply and brilliantly as a kingfisher spies shining fish—about one of Charlemagne's paladins, a flawless knight who operates by every rule in the book of chivalry and never puts an iron toe wrong, but simply happens not to exist inside his spotless gleaming white armour. There are a great many characters, including Charlemagne himself, by now ageing and slightly muddled; Bradamante, the lady-paladin who fought as magnificently as the men but whose tent was a slutty mess; numerous squires, dubious virgins, hermits, Knights of the Grail, nuns and miscellaneous others. Scenes exist with an extraordinary glitter and brilliance—the great set-pieces of fighting between Christians and Moors in particular, with both sides coughing themselves silly because of the cloud of dust and insulting each other, through interpreters, according to the code of chivalry, are funny with a sort of poetic slapstick that is at once oddly moving and high comedy. The book's ironic, innocently elegant wit owes a great deal to the brilliant and marvellously mannered translation of Archibald Colquhoun, whose skill seems to me prodigious and whose sympathy with Calvino is clearly quick and deep.

Calvino himself appears to have some fairly profound-sounding theories on what the stories are really about—theories I can't understand, but nothing can cancel out the magic of the tragi-comic climate which he



The Chucker Out was what Bernard Shaw, aged 94, called this picture of him by Alan Chappelow, taken in 1950 shortly before his last illness. It is reproduced in Mr. Chappelow's symposium *Shaw The Villager* (Charles Corgill, 42s.), full of fascinating detail about his life at Ayot St. Lawrence. Dame Sybil Thorndike writes the foreword

creates with such deft confidence. I imagine that if you don't immediately fall in love with the sound he makes, nothing will get you past the fourth or fifth page. But he is surely a writer who makes addicts of his readers, and more and more I come to believe that only such writers count. He is a magician who makes a whole world in a glass bubble and compels the reader to accept his reality as more truthful than the weather outside the window. And also he is my favourite thing, the maker of minor masterpieces.

Briefly... Compton Mackenzie's *On Moral Courage* is a collection of splendidly entertaining, idiosyncratic essays and includes a couple of chapters on D. H. Lawrence—a friend of Mackenzie's—and the Lady Chatterley trial which seem to me to offer some of the clearest, coolest, most soundly sensible and funniest writing about this woolly and passion-provoking theme. (I am specially fond of unforgettable brisk details such as, "Frieda did not seem to be the least worried by Lorenzo's 'women'. She talked about them as a portly, jovial vicar might talk about his church fowls. 'But why won't Lorenzo let me have lace on my underclothes, Mackenzie?' she once asked me. 'Look at what he makes me wear.' And pulling up her skirt above her knees she displayed the austere calico drawers on which Lawrence insisted.")... *The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company In Gilbert & Sullivan Operas*, compiled by Cyril Rollins & R. John Witts is a stunning list of casts and pictures

since 1875, which will, without a doubt be invaluable for the million faithful, especially coming as it does at a moment when the barricades are down and the sacred ground has become free for all: for me it is a volume of massive, crushing mystery and something which I shall not for a moment attempt to plumb... *The Biology Of Art*, by Desmond Morris, is a riveting book about "Infra-human picture-makers," or more simply about how monkeys, and especially the superb chimpanzee Congo, draw and paint, with comparisons between monkey-work and the pictures made by children. It is fascinating stuff, and will help us all to adjust satisfactorily to a world in which chimps paint, lionesses make jokes, seals and otters live in the drawing-room, and dolphins come up for a cosy natter.

## RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

*Not So Dukish*, by Johnny Hodges.

*Tenor Stuff*, by Gonsalves/Ashby.

*Jungle Jamboree*, by Duke Ellington.

*Paris Blues*, by Lawrence Brown.

### *Ducal digressions*

THERE IS NOTHING PARTICULARLY NEW ABOUT THE IDEA OF DUKE Ellington's key soloists making records on their own, away from the main group. In fact the first of such records was made in 1936, when a small group of Ellington sidemen appeared in a studio under the aegis of Johnny Hodges, who had—and still has—every right to the claim that he blows with one of the most distinctive and delightful styles in the jazz world. It still came as a pleasant surprise for me to hear the magnificent jazz that is produced by a nine-piece group under Hodges's leadership, in a new album called *Not So Dukish* (CSD1395). I can think of few more perfect examples of that much-maligned style called mainstream, and the presence of two established non-Ellingtonians, Ben Webster and Roy Eldridge, ensures that no one can regard the group as an Ellington clique! Perhaps only the connoisseurs will recall that trombonist Lawrence Brown left Duke in 1951, and only returned in 1960, but he certainly makes his presence felt in these gilt-edged tracks.

Paul Gonsalves's rather modern sounding tenor has long been a feature, even sometimes a show-stopping peak, of the Ellington big band. To hear him paired with another eloquent tenor-man, Harold Ashby, emphasises that they both carry the influence of Webster, once one of the keystones of Duke's reed section, in their joint album *Tenor Stuff* (33SX1379). Gonsalves, who has a broad tone, also displays his versatility as a guitarist in some distinctive solos, while Sir Charles Thompson plays some good piano which embraces Basie's economy with glimpses of Strayhorn's effusion. Again the general approach is mainstream in concept, particularly noticeable on those tracks where Ray Nance's trumpet is added.

Cast your minds back to 1927/30 for Duke's *Jungle Jamboree* (PMC 1154), which presents a batch of historic recordings by his versatile and *avant-garde* group. Several of these feature what I consider to be one of the most exciting sounds ever made in jazz—the hot, jungly tones of Bubber Miley's trumpet. Both the title track and *Syncopated Shuffle* feature Ellington piano solos of an almost ragtime nature, with the emphasis on a fistful of chords, contrasting sharply with his present day trend towards delicate filigree weaves in single note style.

Jumping forward a mere 30 years, we arrive at *Paris Blues* (CLP1499), music written by Duke Ellington for a film based on the lives of jazzmen. The title characters are portrayed by Paul Gonsalves and trombonist Murray McEachern. The label tells me that the band is conducted by Lawrence Brown, but there is no question that the musicians come from Duke's band, with one or two soloists added. Miraculously the script finds an excuse for Louis Armstrong to be introduced into two sequences, so that you will hear him soloing in the context of the full Ellington band on two tracks, *Battle Royal* and *Wild Man Moore!* There is excitement enough, but the score does not match some of Duke's earlier



efforts towards providing better jazz for moviegoers. I have a strictly personal interest in the infectious *Guitar Amour* theme, which is also restated in *Birdie Jungle*. This is Duke's first exploration of the flamenco form, and I had the good fortune to be closeted in his Paris hotel room during the whole of a rainy Sunday when he and Billy Strayhorn were in a composing mood. When he first conceived it, it was a vigorous three-handed piano duet, but the record presents it as a vibrant guitar solo.

## GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

**Drawings Of The Camden Town Group.** Arts Council.  
**Spencer & Frederick Gore.** Redfern Gallery.

### *Masochism—with rewards*

ALWAYS A DEVIL FOR SELF-PUNISHMENT I VISITED, ALL IN ONE DAY last week, not only the two exhibitions listed above but also the comic Young Contemporaries show at the F.B.A. Galleries and the pathetic National Society show at the Royal Institute Galleries. Since the first of these last two affairs is already finished and the second is drawing to a close there is not much point in dwelling on them here. But having called the one "comic" and the other "pathetic" I suppose I had better offer a word of justification before the brickbats start flying.

The YCs will not mind being called comic provided it is made clear that it is life, and not art, that is the laughing matter, and that the laughter is of the sardonic variety. Their so-called "Pop" art, which draws its inspiration from strip cartoons, advertising, science fiction, is frankly propagandist. It is crude and immature. But it is alive. And that is more than can be said about almost anything at the R.I. Galleries where the walls are lined with tired pastiches of Impressionism and academicism.

Having said which I shall now permit myself to drool nostalgically over the drawings at the Arts Council. Nostalgically because, though the Camden Town Group lasted only the three years from 1911 to 1914, its more distinguished members, Sickert, John, Wyndham Lewis, Lamb, Ginner, Gore and Gilman, were still the gods of my student days in the 'thirties. Like most art groups this one's members came together not so much because they were *for* something but because they were *against* something. Each wanted more recognition for himself and it was largely expediency that made them unite. Most of them were ego-bound individualists and so it is that in an exhibition of their drawings similarities of style are few. While several came temporarily under the powerful influence of Sickert, Malcolm Drummond (1880-1945) is the only one who allowed his own individuality to be overwhelmed by it to the point where his work could be mistaken for the master's.

For the most part the 107 drawings on show are merely "interesting," but a handful are minor miracles of skill and sensitivity. The John drawings, all seven of them, are superb examples of his early work. Among the 12 Sickerts is a breathtakingly lovely pencil, chalk and watercolour view, *Santa Maria della Salute*. The eight works by Spencer Gore, whose presidency of the Group was its principal unifying force, make a suitable hors d'oeuvre to the exhibition at the Redfern which he shares with his son Frederick.

Sickert, who had a considerable influence on Gore at one stage in his development, was the first to recognise wherein his particular genius lay. "You never feel in a canvas of Gore's," he wrote nearly 50 years ago, "that he is doctrine-ridden or belongs to any school of execution. He is the heir of the moderns. . . ." As so many of the 80 paintings by Gore *père* in this exhibition show, he was always receptive of new ideas and trends, took them up fearlessly and adapted them to his own use. The results, though sometimes curious, are seldom dull. If Frederick Gore, who was born only a year before his father's death in 1914, was ever strongly influenced by his father's work he successfully conceals the fact now. Seduced by the colour of Spain and Provence he handles his paint with a sensuousness that would have been alien to Spencer Gore. It does not always come off, but when it does it is strikingly effective.

# A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

BY  
J. ROGER  
BAKER

SPECTACLE IN OPERA, AS UNDERSTOOD AT COVENT Garden, has been a legend of lost opportunity. During the current season, new productions have ranged from the dully plain to the plainly dull, reaching what seems the point of no return with last month's mounting of *The Magic Flute*. But a return has been made, and spectacle re-established, with Franco Zeffirelli's production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Signor Zeffirelli has designed seven sets of great splendour for the opera's 11 scenes, plus an evocative drop-curtain. He and William Bundy have galvanized the lighting panel into abandoning that old favourite, Bottom-of-the-Rhine-green, and the cast are clothed in a series of opulent costumes. There are extras poised to rush in bearing peacock pies and picnics, an eerie mist at the ready, and any amount of lantern-bearing lackeys. Visually it is the sort of production one might dream up after an evening on mescaline. The direction too is busy, vital and makes many effective points. But there are drawbacks, the most immediately apparent being waits between scenes which do not help an already confusing plot line. More important—I wonder whether *Don Giovanni* is entirely suitable for such elaborate treatment. The very splendour of the sets tends to divert attention from the action and at times to dwarf the singers. And though Signor Zeffirelli has gone all out for realism on the stage, he lets many arias be sung before the drop curtain, concert fashion, and allows singers to take several calls during the action. Consequently there is a stylistic lacuna between almost cinematic realism and the more formal qualities of 18th-century opera.

Musically, things were slightly disappointing on the first night. Sena Jurinac apologized for throat trouble but presented her definitive Elvira, omitting one aria and only becoming diminished in voice towards the end of the evening. Leyla Gencer, a Turkish soprano making her début here, was an uneven Anna and Richard Lewis just seemed to miss the customary smoothness that makes him such an outstanding Mozartian. Georg Solti conducted, complementing Zeffirelli's essentially romantic approach, and drawing some ravishing detail from the orchestra. Cesare Siepi's *Don Giovanni*, Geraint Evans's Leporello and Mirella Freni's Zerlina are possibly the best characterizations in the world today. As the production settles down it will, quite obviously, be one of the chief glories of Covent Garden's repertory.

*Sena Jurinac  
& Cesare  
Siepi*



Dominic

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

MR. CYRIL RAY, WRITING IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE *Spectator*, REMARKED that "a good suit needs no gimmicks—only a good brushing and clean linen to go with it." Well, I agree about the brushing and the linen, but it seems to me that a suit can still be good even if it does have a gimmick. John (Michael) Ingram illustrates my point—he appreciates that one innovation per suit is enough, and besides that his cutter knows his job. The snag is that nothing looks staler than last year's gimmicks—they never wear as well as good cloth, so that the man who wants to maintain a pace-setting reputation must buy new clothes pretty frequently . . . so perhaps Mr. Ingram is even cleverer than I thought.

I don't think he would claim to influence the line in men's clothes too directly—his trousers are cut slim, his coats short, his shoulders natural-looking. The interest in the 60-odd outfits he showed recently was in the materials, the colours and the detailing. One fabric which appeared frequently throughout the collection was Vatican cloth, a light pure wool material said to be worn by the more eminent dignitaries of the Church of Rome. The suits were most interesting; one, in grey houndstooth, was cut with a seam just above the natural waist, with three darts to give fullness to the back. Another, in Scottish tweed, had a double vent at the back and buttoned fairly high to a collar with descending peaks. One suit, made to order, had a fly front and vertical breast pocket. Almost all the suits shown have optional flap or welt pockets—wear the flap outside the pocket if you like it that way, inside if you don't. One or two had very narrow shawl collars, completely unbroken by notches or seams. One suit in grey flannel was braided at the edges and across the patch pockets, like a blazer, but had flannel-covered buttons rather than brass ones. Many of the suits featured sleeves left quite innocent of buttons, either flared or cut at a slight angle to reveal the full length of the shirt cuff. And one show-stopper constituted a complete reversal of the striped trousered, black jacketed City look—black trousers, striped jacket, with button down pockets and two-inch side vents.

For holiday wear, the best news was really well-cut, narrow trousers, cut low on the hips with a rather Western look. No pockets at the front, but two at the back. The girl next to me thought these were the best reason in years why a man should diet. Swimmers and lido lizards alike will welcome the white cotton jacket lined in red towelling, and there are some good shirts, two with slits at the sides. The show included quite a few suede and leather clothes, from suits to overcoats. One coat in fawn leather had its belt attached through metal slots, and had a heavy-knit wool collar. All the coats were knee length or a little shorter. One, in charcoal tweed, had a moss green corduroy lining and collar.

For evening wear, I liked a dinner jacket in 7/8 oz. Vatican cloth with a shawl collar. One pure silk evening suit was collarless but otherwise most conservative in appearance. Another in a dark steely blue wild silk was bound with black braid and shown with a very pale blue pleated evening shirt. And a dark silk foulard evening jacket was interesting for its double-breasted cut, narrow shawl collar and two buttons at the waist. To keep the full splendour of all this covered until the last moment, there was a black cord evening coat lined in scarlet silk.

So there I was, sitting on a small gilt chair with a drink and a notebook in one hand and a cigarette and a pencil in the other, while a compère talked about angora and cashmere jerseys, waists cut low on the hips, shell pink trousers and milk chocolate suits. I feel now that reporting a Dior collection would be simple enough; if the fashion editor would let me pinch-hit for her I'd be glad to go to Paris. But this show in New Bond Street had nothing effeminate about it. All the clothes would have looked right in the right place. And to make it even more interesting, the mixture was leavened by a charming little creature who was showing clothes from John Michael's new shop for women. Interesting example of a trend in reverse—a man's designer turning his talents towards designing for women.



John (Michael) Ingram's tweed suit. Note long points on lapels



Suit with a narrow, shawl collar, self-covered buttons, optional flap or welt breast pocket



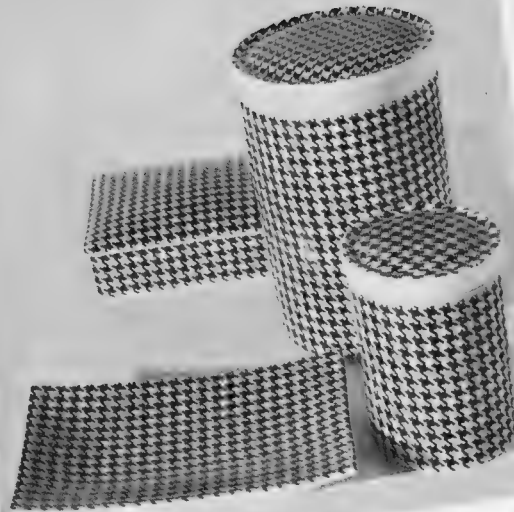
Reversal of the "city look"—striped jacket with black trousers. Note button-down flaps on pockets, and cuffs without buttons



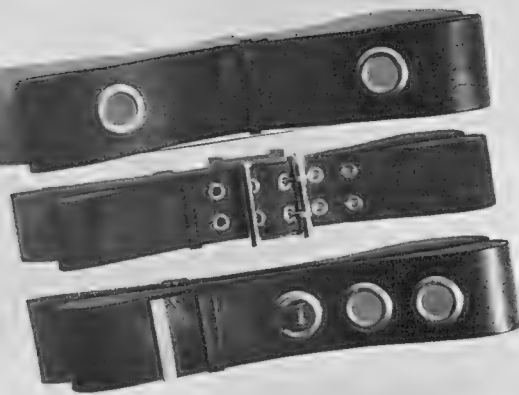
# COUNTER SPY

## A LA FRANCAISE

FOUND BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



Chic black and white dogtooth check porcelain accessories. Porcelain Halga of Limoges make them and they are now on sale at the new General Trading Company in Sloane Street. Ash tray: 27s. 6d., small jar: 33s. 6d., box: 50s., large jar: £3 12s. 6d.



Nina Ricci beltings have made a swift Channel crossing to Harrods. Black eyelet belt: £1 12s. 11d., brown suede belt with many eyelets: £1 12s. 6d. and a brown leather one with a trio of eyelets: £1 9s. 6d.

Fluttering handpainted French butterflies fly on an opaline lamp. £65 from Godfrey Bon-sack who has French accessories of all kinds



PHOTOGRAPHS: PRINCEILLA CONTRA

French meat at the Boucherie in Harrods where they know all about cutting a Selle d'agneau—the delicious cut of young lamb here. Also in their French repertoire are Contre Filet and Rôti de tendre de tranche (beef), Rognonade de Veau and Carré de Veau de Sossée—all taste as good as they look



Huge sealing wax brown crocodile bag from the other Faubourg St. Honoré in Jermyn Street where Exclusivités Hermès have all the beautiful boutique things one might expect to find there. £227 for a bag that locks up and comes in a green baize cover to keep it scratch-free. King-sized coffee bean brown crocodile cigarette case has a gold plaque for initials: 63 gns. Scarf called Grand Carrosse pour un Ambassadeur: 7 gns. All very French





## MOTORING

ROAD USERS WHO ARE EXASPERATED BY OUR INADEQUATE ROAD SIGNS, and those who wonder why we cannot adopt clear, self-explanatory ones like those on the Continent, may find some slight comfort in a paper recently read to the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr. R. L. Moore of the Road Research Laboratory. 'Taking direction signs for a start, Mr. Moore said they should give a newcomer all the information that a regular user of the road has acquired by experience, and he admitted that with the exception of the signposting of motorways this ideal state of affairs simply does not exist. Night or day, one should be able to read a sign without slowing down or being distracted from the job of driving, and a driver travelling at the average speed for the road should be able to understand the sign and take the necessary action safely. Even on the motorways the technique is still developing as a result of hard experience gained at the expense of wrecked vehicles and injured occupants. When M1 was opened there were many crashes at the roundabouts at the ends of the road due to the lack of adequate advance warning. Since proper warning signs were installed the trouble has been cured.

Advance direction signs indicating main road junctions have long been a source of irritation to the ordinary driver. Place names are small and the greatest prominence is given to route numbers, but it is now dawning on the authorities that road numbers are not enough. A driver meeting A5 from an unfamiliar direction may quite easily turn right when he should be going left. The Road Research Laboratory has been making experiments and it is now admitted that the Continental type of sign, with prominent place names grouped round a direction diagram, is better than ours. Even better where there are only three or four places to deal with, is a simple stack of names, with an arrow for each.

You can have a driving licence if you can read a number plate at a

## Signposts to the 60s

distance of 25 yards, using glasses if necessary. This means you should be able to read a sign with letters one inch high at a distance of 21 feet. But the faster the traffic the larger the signs have to be, and the experts say we just can't build signs big enough to be understood by a driver with the minimum level of vision at high speed. Such a driver will have to slow down—and no bad thing, either. Light letters on a dark background seem to be more easily visible than dark letters on a light background. Where reflecting materials are used, the light letters save cost, too. For example, about £170 on a 400 sq. foot sign.

Incidentally, there is already a British Standard which lays down the requirements for illumination of road signs, but it is now admitted that these are rarely reached in practice. There is also a lot of discussion about the relative merits of capital letters and small type. When reading quickly we tend to recognize words more from their shape than their individual letters and the small type with its ascending and descending strokes gives a more characteristic shape to a word than capitals, which at a distance merge into a rectangular mass. However, Mr. Moore feels that certain words like SLOW, STOP, DANGER and POLICE present themselves more forcibly when written in capitals. But the great fault with British road signs is the use of too many words. Continental signs use international symbols that can be understood by anyone who does not speak the language. They can even be understood by people who cannot read. One of the best is the skidding car used to give warning of slippery roads. A silhouette of a locomotive gives clear warning of an unguarded level crossing and the silhouette of a man digging makes it quite clear that we are approaching road works. We have already adopted the Continental symbol showing children running into the road and most of the others would be preferable to the verbose displays which now proliferate on our main roads.

## DINING IN

*Helen Burke*

WITH ASH WEDNESDAY ONLY A WEEK AWAY, I SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY to make once again my point about the grilling of fish. Every year I urge cooks to grill salmon and other fish steaks on one side only, but for all I know no one ever does this, because none of my friends agrees with me. But I stick stubbornly to my belief, for fish cooks much more quickly than many people realise, and if both sides are grilled a dried-out, overdone fish steak is the result. I was taught, in the traditional way, to turn the fish half-way through the cooking time. Then one day when I ordered grilled salmon in my favourite London restaurant and found it particularly good, it occurred to me that the underside had not been grilled. I turned it over and, sure enough, I was right. Since then, I never—but never—turn any fish steak during its grilling.

If you feel that Scotch salmon (at 16s. a pound, as I write) is too expensive to practise on, try cod steaks, but make sure that they are of English inshore cod. A fishmonger who respects you will see that you get the best. GRILLED COD STEAKS are my favourite fish dish. I prefer them to the more expensive salmon. Let me "recap": They should be  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 inch thick and cut from the tail end, just where the thick part of the fish begins. In other words, they should be round and without open ends. For two steaks, melt 2 oz. butter in the grill pan. Place the steaks in it and at once turn them so that both sides are coated with the fat. Season with salt. I also sprinkle a little flour on top and spoon some of the butter over it. Place the steaks under the grill, not quite at full heat, and give them about 10 minutes, basting them from time to time. Before the butter becomes brown and sticks to the pan, add 1 to 2 tablespoons of hot water and continue the grilling, finishing at top heat in order to get a really golden brown surface. When the centre bones come out easily, the steaks are cooked. And the best sauce to serve with them is the wonderfully buttery "essence" in the pan.

HALIBUT CREOLE is a dish to serve the family. Have, for four, a steak

## Ash Wednesday sermon

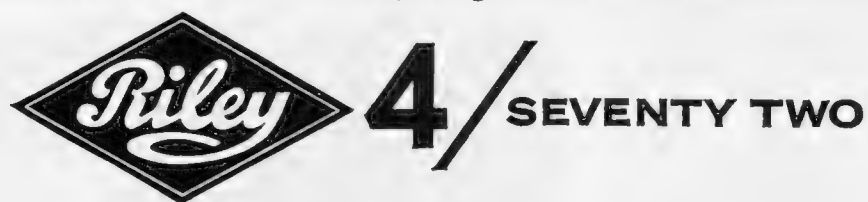
of 1 to 1½ lb. Grill it as for the cod steaks, with an ounce of butter, but at a lower heat so that it is barely golden. At the same time, fry a chopped smallish Spanish onion in an ounce of butter. Add 4 oz. sliced white-topped mushrooms, a diced medium-sized green pepper and the contents of a small can of sweet red peppers (also diced) and their juice. Mix together a dessertspoon of tubed tomato purée and a breakfastcup of chicken stock. A chicken cube and hot water will do very well. Stir this into the vegetable mixture and cook for 10 minutes. Cut the grilled halibut into half-thumb-sized pieces and add them to the vegetable mixture, first coating them with the butter from the grill pan. Finish by adding another ounce of butter, dotted over the surface and left to melt through. With this dish, serve Patna or Carolina rice, boiled as for curry, with each grain separate.

Halibut is one of the most satisfactory of all white fish. It can be grilled or poached equally well and it can also be baked. HALIBUT IN CREAM SAUCE is almost the easiest and most delicious way of serving it. For four, have a steak of 1½ to 1¾ lb. Chop a Spanish onion and three skinned and deseeded tomatoes. Place them in a heat-proof dish, large enough to contain the fish steak, and season with a little salt. Sprinkle both sides of the halibut steak with seasoned flour and place it on top of the vegetables. Top it with 2 oz. butter, cut in slivers. Add a bay leaf and 4 tablespoons of dry white wine. Cover and bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. Add ½ lb. button mushrooms, washed but not peeled, and cook for a further 15 to 20 minutes. Lift the halibut, freed of skin and bones, on to a hot serving-dish.

Bring ½ pint double cream to the boil. Add to it the vegetables and liquid from the baking-dish and simmer together for a minute. Taste and season further, as required. Pour all of this over the halibut and surround it with tiny new potatoes, turned in butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley.



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Helen Scott studio

**Louise (4) and Francis (2), children of Mr. Philip & the Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta, seen with their mother at their London home, Paultons Street, S.W.3**

## OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



Helen Piers

**Henrietta, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Keith Loudoun-Shand, of Cope Place, Kensington, with her mother**

**Giancarla, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Forte, with her mother at their home in Hampstead**



Lenare

**The Hon. Nicholas Beatty, son of Earl & Countess Beatty, with his mother. Their house is Chicheley Hall, Newport Pagnell, Bucks**



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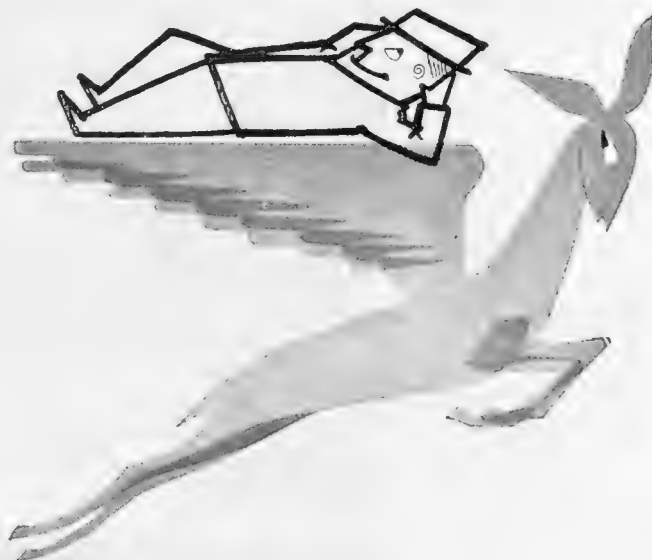


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# Weddings

**Alexander—Tyndale-Biscoe:** Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Alexander, of Dunollie, Empargeni, Natal, S. Africa, was married to David, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Tyndale-Biscoe, of Marlborough, Salisbury, Rhodesia



**Watt—Bennett:** Perdita Jane Macdonald, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Watt, of Stafford Terrace, W.8, was married to Richard Hugh Hamilton Geoffrey, son of Captain & Mrs. G. N. Bennett, of Argyll Road, W.8, at St. Mary Abbots



**Cleverdon-Skellon—Wharton:** Elizabeth Angelene, daughter of Wing Commander Richard Cleverdon-Skellon, of H.Q., 2nd. T.A.F., R.A.F., Germany, & Mrs. E. Cleverdon-Skellon, of Twyford, Hampshire, was married to Peter Merewyn, of Kilmeston, Hampshire, son of the late Capt. & Mrs. E. L. Wharton, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1



Vandyk

**Miss Juliet Mary Winlaw to Mr. Antony John Alderson:** She is the daughter of the late Sqdn. Leader Roger Winlaw, and of Mrs. John Montgomery, of Cookham, Berkshire. He is the son of the late Major Richard Alderson and of Mrs. Alderson, of Broom Heath, Suffolk



Tom Hustler

**Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson to Mr. Ian Alan Douglas Pilkington:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson, of Lowndes Square, S.W.1. He is the son of Mr. T. Douglas Pilkington, of Highclere, Berks, and of Mrs. V. M. Pilkington, of Woolton Mill Lodge, Newbury

# Engagements



Yevonde

**Miss Elizabeth Ann Garland Laird to Mr. Kennedy Robert Erskine:** She is the daughter of Col. R. S. M. Laird, of Courtney House, Colton, Warminster, and of Mrs. A. Wolsey-Lewis, of Naivasha, Kenya. He is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. K. Erskine

# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

## Mr. J. Carr and Miss J. Bingham

The engagement is announced between John, son of Brigadier and Mrs. Arthur Carr, of Thickthorn Manor, Ashill, Ilminster, Somerset, and Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bingham, of 8 Langley Avenue, Harpenden, Hertfordshire. The marriage will take place in Southern Rhodesia.

## Dr. N. K. Coni and Miss S. T. Taylor

The engagement is announced between Nicholas K. Coni, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Coni, La Barranca, Wrethells Wood, Leatherhead, and Sara Theresa Taylor, elder daughter of the late Flight Lieutenant L. Taylor, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Taylor, of Vantorts Road, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire.

## Mr. A. M. Matthews and Miss C. M. Strong

The engagement is announced between Anthony Mervyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Matthews, of Ashted, Surrey, and Caroline May, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. I. E. Strong, R.A., and of Mrs. Strong, of 10 Cresswell Place, S.W.10.

## Mr. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Miss G. E. James

The engagement is announced between Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg, of 17 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11, and Geraldine Elisabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. James, of Glebe House, Stanton-by-Bridge, Derbyshire.

## Mr. T. J. M. Farquhar-Smith and Miss E. C. Tarrant

The engagement is announced between Terence James Morice, son of the late Mr. W. R. Farquhar-Smith, and of Mrs. K. P. Farquhar-Smith, of 7 Belmont Hall Court, Belmont Grove, S.E.13, and Elizabeth Claire, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tarrant, of 4 Langley Road, S.W.19.

## Mr. A. P. Quiney and Miss L. V. Boden

The engagement is announced between Anthony Prosper, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. O'C. Quiney, of Streatham, London, and Eastdean, Sussex, and Lynn Veronica, elder daughter of Mrs. E. M. Boden, of 39 Morshead Road, London, W.9, and the late Dr. Geoffrey Boden.

## Mr. P. Deakin and Miss G. C. Banks

The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Deakin, of The Elms, Walcot, near Wellington, Shropshire, and Gillian Carole, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Banks, of The Old House, Wellington, Herefordshire.

## Mr. C. F. Sheppard-Walwyn and Miss P. M. Robson

The engagement is announced between Christopher Fulke, son of Mrs. Dulcie Sheppard-Walwyn, of 8 Croft Road, Carlisle, and the late Mr. R. F. Sheppard-Walwyn, of Cumwhinton, Cumberland, and Prudence Marguerite, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David F. Robson, of Rickerby Cottage, Carlisle.

## Mr. J. C. Randall and Miss S. Holden

The engagement is announced between James Corbet, son of the late Mr. P. G. Randall, and of Mrs. Randall, of Woodside, Windlesham, Surrey, and Sara, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Holden, of Michaelmas Meadow, Little Missenden, Amersham, Buckinghamshire.

## Mr. A. C. Smith and Miss P. J. Bennett

The engagement is announced between Anthony Clive Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, of The Lodge, Cote Drive, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, and Pamela Jill Bennett, only daughter of the late Mr. J. Bennett and of Mrs. M. Bennett, of 10 Uppingham Road, Oakham, Rutland.

## Mr. I. Lewis and Miss A. G. Hooper

The engagement is announced between Ian, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lewis, of West Road, Kingston, Surrey, and Ann Gardner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Hooper, of Westfield, Medmenham, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.

## Mr. D. N. Day and Miss B. R. Sheppard

The engagement is announced between David Noyce, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Day, 2 Park Lane, Norwich, and Belinda Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. B. Sheppard, Lesingham House, Surlingham, Norwich.



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## PERSONAL

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Jaeger have lived with wool, experimented with wool, dyed wool colours it was never dyed before; created new patterns and textures in wool; and

made such lovely and high-fashion clothes that Jaeger girls find 'wool' a word to conjure with. But, then, Jaeger have always worked magic with it.

DEEP-TEXTURED WOOL TWEED gives depth to off-white. Also in blue/white or green/white. Sizes 8½-16. 22½ gns. Lined skirt, 6 gns. Silk sweater, 9 gns.

JAEGER HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1, AND AT JAEGER HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY